

Christmas Sale



MEN'S SUITS AND OVERCOATS

Instead of waiting until after Xmas to cut the prices on Men's Clothing we do it now.

Every Man's Suit and Overcoat in our stock is included in this sale, including the world famous Hart, Schaffner & Marx Suits. Get our prices before you buy your suit.

R R. COYLE

POLITICAL IDEALS

GEO. W. CABLE ADDRESSES BEREA STUDENTS

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen of the Faculty, and young men and young women and fellow boys:

Preparing for Citizenship

It is a moving sight to me to stand before this solid bank of masculine faces preparing for citizenship, my mind and my heart are full of question—Who and What—the same question you are asking yourselves, Who and what are these to be? Where and which is the Lincoln of the future among these Kentucky boys? Where and which is the Jackson or the Clay or any other great Southerner of the times forever gone? Where is the Washington or the Jefferson of this solid bank of boys and young men from Southern states? We do not know, I am not before you as a prophet, I can foretell you nothing, and I feel only made smaller by the superb and overstated praises that have been spoken for me by the President of Berea.

There is a ludicrous side to it. Did you ever see in the museum or anywhere else, one of those comical full length mirrors up to which you walk and suddenly find yourself growing fat as Daniel Lambert or the President of the United States? Well, that is the way I feel when I have to listen to President Frost telling people who and what I am. I feel as if he had made me as big and fat as a hippopotamus, as big and fat as one of those mirrors makes you when you walk up to it and you find that your head is about the size of an ordinary flour barrel.

Well now, last night we were together for mirth. This morning I see you to indulge me in a good deal more earnestness of mind than you were asked to show last night. If I happen accidentally and by mistake to say something amusing I

CONTENTS OF THIS ISSUE

FIRST PAGE

Political Ideals—Cable.
Editorials.
For Winter Term.
In Our Own State.
News of the Week.

SECOND PAGE

General News.
Christmas Home Song.

THIRD PAGE

A Christmas Alias.

FOURTH PAGE

Vacation Socials.
The Messiah.
Missions Made Interesting.
Locals.

FIFTH PAGE

History of Red Cross Seals.

SIXTH PAGE

Christmas Trees.
Poem—Christmas in Old Times.

SEVENTH PAGE

Serial Story—Miss Standish.
Markets.

EIGHTH PAGE

Eastern Kentucky News.
The Village Blacksmith.
Hurry Up.

HURRAH FOR TAFT

About the third year of each president's term a crop of rival candidates spring up, and it seems for a time as though he never could be elected to a second term. Here is President Taft, who has managed the affairs of his great office with signal ability, and without a taint of selfishness. And he is being abused on the one side by the high-tariff men and the "stand-patters," and on the other hand by the low tariff men and the "insurgents." Does not that show that he has kept the middle course which is really best for the country?

And when we think of it few administrations have left more lasting benefits to the world. He has established the principle of publicity for corporations, and expert commissions for revision of the tariff, and these are foundations on which all future progress must rest. He has advanced the cause of peace, he has maintained the honor of our country abroad, and prosperity at home. Hurrah for Taft.

THE REFORM AGAINST NATURE

This is the name Dr. Holland gave to the effort to make women vote. We are all so much "in favor of the ladies" that we don't quite know what to say when we are asked if women ought to be classed with children and idiots and denied the right of suffrage, and yet we feel, deep down, that there is something wrong with such arguments.

The fact is that women are good enough to vote, and smart enough to vote, but they don't need to vote and don't want to vote. Voting is man's business, and he votes to represent his "women folks" as much as himself. Manhood suffrage means that every family is represented, the rich and the poor. Manhood suffrage gives a result that will be sure to stand because it has force behind it. We don't want any temperance law till it has a majority of men behind it.

Women have influence in politics whenever they see reason for using it, and influence is greater than the ballot. The greatest man has only one vote—the same as the most ignorant—but he has more influence. And thousands of votes. And this influence is all the greater because it is an *unselfish* influence—she seeks no office for herself.

If woman had to vote all bad woman would vote, the total vote would be doubled, the labor and excitement of election would be doubled—and the result seldom changed.

But the deep objection is that woman suffrage would diminish the importance of the family and increase the importance of the individual. Now the family is the unit in the state. Many things tend to diminish the life of the family in our times. We believe that the family is the most fundamental thing in human happiness. And the family requires the cooperation of man and woman, each bearing a part. To make woman into man is truly a reform against nature.

All the same there are some men too mean to be entrusted with the rights of a husband and head of a family. We know men who have borrowed money to go to school on from the girl they were engaged to, and then jilted her. We know men that gave pigs and calves to their wives to raise, promising them the animals when sold, and then disappointed them. We know men that marry women with property. Now women's voting would not cure such tyranny, but better laws and better public sentiment will cure it, and it is going to be cured.

At the same time among prosperous Americans there are probably more idle, extravagant and selfish women than anywhere else in the world.

YOU CAN—YOU MUST

You can get one child into school at Berea this winter. You have been prospered enough so you can do it. And the child is eager to go.

NOW OR NEVER

You can get a term of school at Berea this winter. Do it; for you will never be younger.

FOR WINTER TERM

Extensive Preparations to Receive Large Numbers in all Departments of the Institution.

Secretary Morton has received more dollar deposits than ever before, and the College authorities are making all possible efforts to accommodate students and classes for the winter. Special attractions of the Normal Department seem likely to cause a great overflow there, and the classes in agriculture, by Prof. Clark, are being understood, so that a large number of farmers' boys are coming for the winter term.

To begin with, the great east basement dining room at the boarding hall is ready, so that 140 more people can be seated there. The great dairy barn, which has been built with borrowed money, is now in use. This was erected principally to make certain that the good and cheap board, for which Berea is famous, could be maintained in spite of the rise in cost of provisions.

For school rooms the rear portions of Tutum's grocery store and Robert's meat shop have been fitted up, and two more very spacious rooms will be made out of the brick building on the Richmond pike which has been occupied as a hardware store.

To provide for the hardware store the "old hotel building" next the bank, long occupied by Mr. Porter, is being thoroughly modernized and covered with iron as a protection against fire. Mr. Porter has moved his office to the building immediately south.

Additional dormitory rooms for young men will be fitted up in the two business places on the Richmond Pike and the old hotel building on Main Street, and two good dormitories for young women will be provided in the Dodge and Duncan houses.

In all departments minor repairs are in active progress, and we may

No Matter What Your Occupation— This Bank Can Serve You

IT may be that some time you will need the assistance this bank can render. If you are depositing your money here and transacting your business with us, you may be assured of our friendly consideration at all times. Every man, today, has a good chance to lay up a competence in twenty-five years or less if he saves. An account with this bank will provide an excellent plan of laying aside that portion of your earnings not needed for immediate use. We pay 4% interest on time deposits.

Berea Bank & Trust Co.

ANDREW ISAACS, Pres. J. W. STEPHENS, Vice-Pres.
JOHN F. DEAN, Cashier.

IN OUR OWN STATE NEWS OF THE WEEK

Race for Speaker—Justice Harlan—Senator Bradley—Redistricting Committee—Poultry Exhibition—Lincoln Institute Growing—Gas Main Broken.

CONTEST FOR SPEAKER

The two leading candidates for speakership in the next Legislature are Claud Terrill, of Oldham County, and Harry A. Schoberth, of Woodford County. Mr. Terrill is reckoned the administration candidate, while Mr. Schoberth heads the opposition to the state organization. The race will become even warmer as the time for the nominating caucus in Frankfort approaches.

HARLAN HONORED

Recently a memorial to the late Justice Harlan was observed in Washington, and many governors, senators and citizens paid him high tribute. Mr. Harlan is said to have participated in the consideration of more cases than any other man ever a member of the Supreme court, over seven hundred cases in all.

BRADLEY AND TAFT

Senator Bradley is recognized as the Taft leader of Kentucky. He is busy organizing the State for perfecting details to send a strong delegation to the next national convention. With the Administration working through him and the state organization prospering under his hand Senator Bradley is the dominant Republican figure of Kentucky.

REDISTRICTING STARTED

The redistricting committee appointed during last legislature to report to the next has had several sessions and reached some conclusions. The present report, against which many protests will be made, affects nearly forty counties.

POULTRY EXHIBIT

The first annual exhibition of the Central Kentucky Poultry Association was held in Winchester last week. Mr. Perry M. Shy, its secretary, is working hard for a state poultry board and a poultry building on the state fair grounds.

LINCOLN INSTITUTE

Saturday two cornerstones of two great dormitories for the Lincoln Institute were laid near Shelbyville. The cornerstone for one was laid by Mr. Eckstein Norton, of New York, a trustee; while Principal Thomson laid that of the other building. A party of representative people from Louisville and other parts of the state attended the exercises.

GAS ACCIDENT

A landslide near Mt. Sterling disjuncted the ten inch gas main that supplies Winchester and Lexington and left hundreds of people without light and heat for several hours. People rushed to restaurants and hotels, to find that they were also affected, and many people had to retire for the night hungry and cold.

all expect a lively time January third. It would be well for everybody to read the announcement of the College on page seven.

Stamp Out Consumption By Buying Red Cross Christmas Seals



RED CROSS SEALS FOR SALE
At Berea Drug Co., The Racket Store
and Mrs. Baker's
ONE CENT EACH

Russian Treaty Will End—The Battleship Maine—Christmas for Congress—Earthquake in Mexico—Sherwood Pension Bill—Our Foreign Trade.

TO CANCEL TREATY WITH RUSSIA

In 1832 a treaty was agreed to by the United States and Russia which established between the two nations, "a reciprocal liberty of commerce and navigation." For forty years no question arose; then Russia began to discriminate against admitting into Russia American Jews, Roman Catholics and Protestant missionaries. Russia has the right to exclude such classes as may be undesirable, but the question is whether she has the right to so construe this commercial treaty as to secure the result. President Taft has served a carefully worded notice on Russia of the intention to abrogate or cancel the treaty, by giving the necessary, one year's notice, and has asked the Senate to ratify the action. This has been done, the Lodge resolution being unanimously sustained.

MAINE RECOVERED

Portions of the wrecked battleship Maine are to be donated to cities, societies and survivors of the wreck of the great calamity. Careful investigation of the ship as it was recovered seem to finally prove that the Maine was destroyed by an explosion outside the vessel. There has long been a question as to whether it had been sunk by an accidental explosion inside or whether it had been blown up by the Spanish. The Republic of Cuba is to have part of the wreck to be placed in a monument to be erected in Havana.

CONGRESS WILL REST

The two houses of Congress adjourn this week Thursday for a two weeks recess. The service pension bill, the urgent deficiency bill, the question of the Russian treaty, and various investigations will keep the congressmen busy until time to go home for Christmas.

MEXICAN EARTHQUAKE

A widespread earthquake shook Mexico last Saturday. Tremors were felt throughout the country, though no great loss of life has been reported. President Madero watched the terrified crowds with laughter, apparently enjoying the spectacle.

PENSION AND POLITICS

One of the pending bills now in the hands of the Senate is the Sherwood "Dollar a day" pension bill. It would add to the expense of the government from \$30,000,000 to \$50,000,000. The bill is a political sop for votes. It is understood that President Taft is not in favor of the increased expenditure and will veto the bill if it reaches him in the shape in which it passed the House. It is generally believed that a pension bill brings votes for the administration.

UNCLE SAM'S FOREIGN TRADE

The foreign commerce of the United States in the year about to end will show an increase of over 200 million dollars when compared with the immediately preceding year and a larger total than in any earlier year of our commerce. Imports, while falling below those of 1910 in the earlier months, have, in the closing period of the year shown a marked increase, indicating that the total for the year will differ but little from that of 1910, which made the highest record in the history of the import trade. Exports are larger than in any earlier year, and manufacturers exported also make their highest record, reaching approximately 1 billion dollars in the calendar year 1911.

The Citizen

A family newspaper for all that is right, true and interesting.

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MEMBER OF



KENTUCKY PRESS ASSOCIATION.

The fire fiend loves an overheated furnace.

Manchus and pigstails are going out of fashion in China.

The rubber gown is the latest thing in feminine apparel. Rubber!

Buffalo steaks that go uneaten are utilized as hinges on barn doors.

The cold wave is a stimulus to trade—particularly the coal trade.

If the pen is mightier than the sword where does the typewriter come in?

Doesn't it beat anything how mercury can go down when it gets started?

Minneapolis, which has invented the hobbie whisker, may keep it and welcome.

The baby emperor must wonder what is the matter with his nursery now-a-days.

This weather tempts a man who has broken himself of the whisker habit to start something.

Toe dancing is advised for flat-footed children, whereas a flat spot is an excellent help in buck dancing.

Astronomers tell us that there is frost on Mars, but we need not be told that there is frost on this little old earth.

An exchange tells us that a noiseless typewriter has been brought to light. The poor girl must be deaf and dumb.

People who have a family of small boys and girls do not need a calendar to remind them that Christmas is coming.

A New York judge decides that an American's house is his castle and he has a right to fortify it with a handy revolver.

An Omaha judge says there is no such thing as old age and proves it by marrying at the age of 73. Boys will be boys.

Farmer in Connecticut found a lump of gold in a chicken's crop. The nugget is said to be almost as valuable as a fresh egg.

It has been decided the campaign cigars are not included in New York's new law prohibiting the carriage of deadly weapons.

Medicine Hat has resumed. It stands ready to forward all sorts of disagreeable weather to any address, charges all prepaid.

The smugglers who were caught in New York with \$1,000 worth of glass eyes evidently were blind to the iniquity of their ways.

Street car conductors are to announce the names of streets through borns to save opening the door. They'll be singing them next.

An American astronaut committed suicide by jumping into the English channel—a dismal paraphrase of the coals-to-Newcastle principle.

It may be possible to catch fish with noise, as a Harvard professor claims, but most anglers conserve their noise until they have returned from the fishing trip.

A business man in Toronto has an eighty-year-old stenographer. From the point of view of a business man's wife, that is the proper age for stenographers.

Connecticut cab horse which was struck by an automobile became despondent and deliberately committed suicide. Evidently he figured that fate was rubbing it in.

The price of opium has dropped as a result of the Chinese revolution. Now we know why the war correspondents are slaughtering so many thousands every day.

FOUR COLONELS COMMISSIONED

FIRST ACT OF GOV. McCREARY—OSCAR BOZEMAN TO BE HIS STENOGRAPHER.

COL. THOS. SMITH IS SECRETARY

Was the First of the Newly Elected Officers to Take Oath—Was Administered in the Governor's Private Office.

Frankfort.—The first act of the new Governor after he had taken the oath of office, was to appoint four Colonels on his personal staff. He appointed Chas. B. Norton, William Tholheimer and Rudy Fogt, of Louisville, and John McNabb, of Lexington. The commissions had been made out by Dr. Ben L. Brunner, Secretary of State, and were lying on the Governor's desk when he went to his office, after shaking hands with thousands of people.

The first of the new officers to take the oath of office was Col. Thomas Smith, of Richmond, the Governor's private secretary. Col. Smith was sworn in as secretary by Miss Minnie Lee McDaniels, of the Secretary of State's office. The oath was administered in the Governor's private office.

Last Act of Gov. Willson.

The last official act of Gov. Willson was to certify to the National Congress that the Kentucky Legislature had approved the income tax amendment to the National Constitution. This certificate has been made twice before but there was something irregular about it each time. Before he went out of office, however, Gov. Willson made two appointments. He appointed Harrison Simpson a justice of the peace in Casey county and Wm. Bell, Jr., police judge of Simpsonville.

Gov. Willson also appointed Roy Wilhoit, of Ashland and Louisville, a Colonel on his staff and the title that he now wears. Col. Wilhoit is a coal magnate, having a newly developed mine in Harlan county. He has been secretary to the Railroad Commission for four years but it now engaged in developing Eastern Kentucky coal mines.

Tip Haldeman For Adjutant General.

That Col. W. B. Haldeman, editor of the Louisville Times, will be offered and will accept the appointment as Adjutant-General of Kentucky in a few weeks, is the belief of those best posted politicians in Frankfort. It is said that Gov. McCreary will offer the place to Col. Haldeman and that the Louisville newspaper man and former colonel of the First Kentucky infantry will accept. Nothing has been said to Col. Haldeman about the appointment and he has refused to discuss the matter, saying he knew nothing of his appointment and would cross that bridge when he reached it.

Col. Haldeman is one of the best known and most popular men in Kentucky and he has had great military experience. He is a veteran of the southern confederacy, having served through the civil war with distinction. He was at the head of the Louisville regiment of the Kentucky national guard for several years and built up that organization to a high state of efficiency.

Good Place Yet Astray.

It is said that the appointee has not been agreed upon and that an effort is being made to find a man who will satisfy Henry Bosworth, state auditor-elect, who will make the appointment, and the other leaders of the party who had a prominent part in the recent campaign. It is said that Mr. Bosworth is willing to appoint a man who helped in the recent Democratic victory, but the man must be one who is acceptable to Mr. Bosworth.

With nearly all of the good places under the next administration already parceled out there yet remains one good position that has not been filled; at least, if it has been filled, nobody seems to be able to discover who the lucky man is. That place is insurance commissioner, one of the best jobs at the capitol. It not only pays well, but it also offers a man a fine chance to land in a good business position after the four years' work for the state is finished.

Reception Held By Governor.

After the inaugural ceremonies were over and the new Governor had taken the oath of office, Gov. McCreary and Lieut. Gov. McDermott held a public reception in the handsome state reception room in the Capitol. Gov. Willson, the retiring Governor, received with Gov. McCreary and they were assisted by Col. Thos. Smith, Gov. McCreary's secretary and the state officials.

Garnett Said To Be Chosen.

An intimate personal friend of Jas. Garnett, attorney general-elect, who was in Frankfort, said that the appointment of a first assistant attorney general has been made, but will not be made public for the present. The man who has been appointed, it is said, is known widely for his legal attainments. Two men could have had the appointment had they wanted it. One of these was Charles R. McDowell, of Danville. The other is Edward Hines of Louisville. The truth of the report is soon to be known.

McCreary Governor For Second Time. Augustus E. Willson ceased to be governor at noon Tuesday and James B. McCreary was sworn in as his successor in office a few minutes later. The ceremony took place in the capitol in the presence of thousands of persons, representing every section of Kentucky. Chief Justice J. P. Hobson, of the Kentucky Court of Appeals, administered the oath of office, after which Gov. McCreary turned and shook hands warmly



Governor James B. McCreary.

ly with Gen. Simon Bolivar Buckner, confederate veteran and one-time governor of Kentucky. Judge Hobson then administered the oath to Edward J. McDermott, of Louisville, lieutenant governor, and the latter was warmly congratulated by scores of friends. The ceremony throughout was marked by simplicity, but the enthusiasm with which the new governor and lieutenant governor were received by the great throng that packed the stairways and corridors of the capitol has never been excelled.

Mayor Master of Ceremonies.

James H. Polsgrove, mayor of Frankfort, acted as master of ceremonies in the capitol building. After Gov. Willson, Governor-elect McCreary, Lieutenant-Governor-elect McDermott and others of distinction had mounted to the flag covered platform that had been erected immediately under the dome on the second floor of the capitol, Mayor Polsgrove called on the Rev. Dr. J. R. Zeigler, pastor of the Frankfort Presbyterian church, to deliver the invocation. This was followed by music furnished by the Frankfort military band, after which Mayor Polsgrove introduced Gov. Willson.

Mayor Introduces New Governor.

Gov. McCreary was the next speaker. In introducing him, Mayor Polsgrove said:

"An attempt at flattery or the use of extravagant words of praise go for naught with a mind too great to be moved by the spirit of vanity. But believing that simple words of truth should not be omitted always for the mere sake of modesty, let me say that the people of Frankfort delight to receive, and their servant deems it the highest privilege of his life to present the best-loved man in Old Kentucky; he, who for the next four years is to be governor, not of any race or clan nor favored classes, but of all the people, of all classes, of this blessed commonwealth.

Back to the Good Old Days.

"And now he has come back to us in 1911, still abreast with the progress of civilization, that same measure of fidelity to principle, still true to every trust and faithful to every friend, has brought together all contending factions, led a reunited party to glorious victory and consented to give the benefit of wise counsel and broad experience in order that Kentucky may return to the good old days of sweet tranquility that existed under his former reign, that she may be restored to the rightful position of honor in the constellation of states and become a still better place to live in.

"May God bless him and give him guidance in this, the crowning achievement of his remarkable career."

Applause For New Governor.

Deafening applause greeted Gov. McCreary when he arose to his feet and stepped to the front of the platform, following Mayor Polsgrove's introduction.

"When I was here before as your governor," he began, "I loved the people of Frankfort and Kentucky, and now that I have come back I love you possibly more."

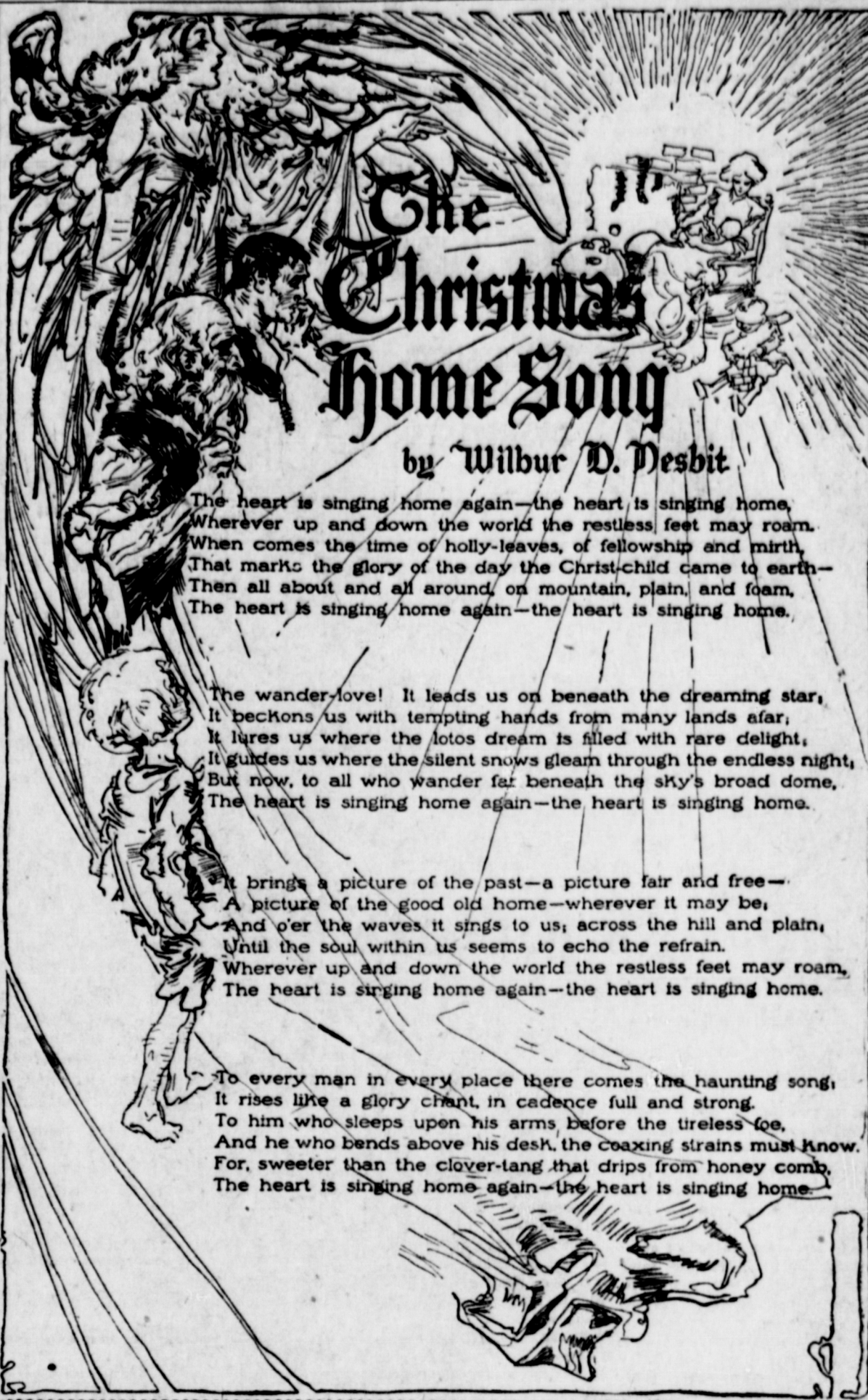
A burst of music followed the last ed beside him, announced that he was ready to take the oath of office.

Signal Honor for Willson.

Augustus E. Willson went to Washington City to attend a memorial meeting in honor of the late Justice John M. Harlan, which was held Saturday in the Capitol and Gov. Willson was selected to preside over the meeting.

Pulling For Brother.

Senator Josh R. Catlett, of Princeton, who is a holdover Democratic member of the upper branch at the coming session of the legislature, is interested in the race of his brother, Sam O. Catlett, who is a candidate for doorkeeper of the senate. Sam was cloakroom keeper of the senate at the last session and made many friends by his uniform courtesy and accommodating manners. He is opposed by James McDonald, of Henry county, and Dave Haley, of Boone county.



The Christmas Home Song

by Wilbur D. Nesbit

The heart is singing home again—the heart is singing home,
Wherever up and down the world the restless feet may roam.
When comes the time of holly-leaves, of fellowship and mirth,
That marks the glory of the day the Christ-child came to earth—
Then all about and all around, on mountain, plain, and foam,
The heart is singing home again—the heart is singing home.

The wander-love! It leads us on beneath the dreaming star,
It beckons us with tempting hands from many lands afar,
It lures us where the lotos dream is filled with rare delight,
It guides us where the silent snows gleam through the endless night,
But now, to all who wander far beneath the sky's broad dome,
The heart is singing home again—the heart is singing home.

It brings a picture of the past—a picture fair and free—
A picture of the good old home—wherever it may be,
And o'er the waves it sings to us, across the hill and plain,
Until the soul within us seems to echo the refrain,
Wherever up and down the world the restless feet may roam,
The heart is singing home again—the heart is singing home.

To every man in every place there comes the haunting song,
It rises like a glory chant, in cadence full and strong,
To him who sleeps upon his arms before the tireless foe,
And he who bends above his desk, the coaxing strains must know,
For, sweeter than the clover-lane that drips from honey comb,
The heart is singing home again—the heart is singing home.

Johnny's Christmas Journal

by Wilbur D. Nesbit

6 a. m.—Got up an went downstairs in my nite close an was pickin things of the Crismas tree wen pa an ma cum down an sed for gudness salk boy yule catch yure debt of coled; go bak to bed until it is time to get up.

6:15 a. m.—Put my close on an went down stairs agen an et ten stiks of candy an' two oranges befor pa cum down an sed he wud whip me if I didnt go bak to bed an let him get sum slepe after beln up so late the nite befor, but ma sed Jon doant destroy the Crismas joy for our boy; let him alone.

6:30 a. m.—I hav got a ralerode track an trane an a hookin ladder an a set of dum beis, an injun clubs an a air gun an a pistol that shutes ar-



ers at a target an a histry book an a pare of mittens an sevral sacks an boxes of candy an hav et sum moar.

7:30 a. m.—Pa an ma kep astin me why I didnt eat no brekfast an pa sed he bet I de ben etin candy alreddy in spite of his orders that I shudent, but ma sed no doubt the excitement of Crismas was enuf to take away my appetite.

8 a. m.—Grandpa an gramma-an-unkel Joe is here. Thay brot me sum moar candy an a indjun sute with a tommyhawk an a torpeder bote, that winds up and sales in the wotter.

9 a. m.—Pa showed me how to run the trane on the track an broke the engin, but he sez it can be fixed. Unkel Joe giv me a doller an I went out an bot sum burd shot to shute in my air gun an sum candy.

10 a. m.—It isnt cold if you dont sit rite beside the parlor winder where I broke it axdently shutin with my air gun. Pa threatened to lick me, but grampa sed boys will be boys an he was wots than me when he was my alge.

12 noon.—It wuz too bad about gramma, but I cudent help it. I wuz

playin injun on the trale and Missus Perkins from nex dore wuz here and she wuz talkin with gramma an I run up behine them an tommyhawked gramma an Missus Perkins an then started to scalp Missus Perkins, but jest her hare cum off an she looked so funny sittin there boltheaded that gramma fainted an choaked on her false teeth when I hit her with the tommyhawk an Missus Perkins went hoam an gramma had to go to bed an the dokter cum and giv her medisin.

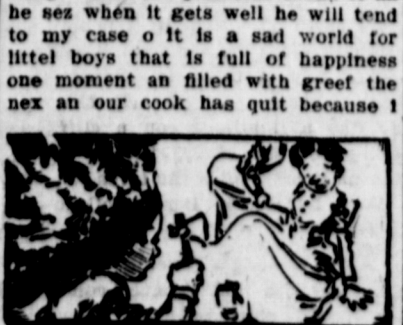


3 p. m.—It is a loansum Crismas indeed to punish me thay made me stay upstares an wuddent let me hav

any Crismas dinner but I had four pounds of candy an hav et moast of it an my torpeder bote is sailin grate in the bath tub.

4 p. m.—I went to the winder to look out an fergot the bath tub an the wotter run over an the coalin of the parlor fell axdently an gramma an pa an unkel Joe an ma was axdently hurt so the dokter is bak agen an the plummer is comin if thay can find him.

7 p. m.—Gramma and grampa and unkel Joe has gone hoam an pa is settin down stairs with his arm in a sling where the plasterin broak it an he sez when it gets well he will tend to my case o it is a sad world for littel boys that is full of happines one moment an filled with greef the nex an our cook has quit because I



axdently shot a arrer frum my pistol into her ear an scaret her so she dropped a pan of dishes that wuz mas best chiny an broak them all up an she has quit an the fire engines cum because I tried to fire up my broken ralerode engine an thay got the fire out but there is a whole in the side of the house an pa swore dreful an so I ask why do thay giv a littel boy things that cause them so much trouble.

12 noon.—It wuz too bad about gramma, but I cudent help it. I wuz

Rhyme of the Man Shopper

By Wilbur D. Nesbit

It is a pallid, weary man;
He stoppeth one of three.
"By thy white cheek and blaz-
ing eye,
Now, wherefore stoppest me?"

"Oh, sir!" the worried man exclaimed,
"I fain would have thee tell
Where I may find within this store
The things they have to sell."

For it was in a Christmas store
That all of this took place.
With hopeless, troubled face.

The stranger man would fain begone
From him of haggard eye;
Besides, the aisle was crowded with
The folks who would go by.

"I pray thee," said the stranger man,
"Go chase thyself from me."
"Ah, sir," the other man implored—
A woeft wight was he.

"A tortoise comb, a pair of skates,
A whole carload of toys,
Some things beside for all my friends,
And for their girls and boys."

"And here I am; and I am here;
The things—oh, where are they?
For male and female clerks conspire
To hide from me the way."

"But this I know, and this alone:
Three aisles across, then back,
Four counters down, one counter up,
Then double on your track."

"The elevator takes you next,
To land you otherwhere,
And when you weary of its crowd,
You amble down the stairs."

"But still—but still, my honest friend,
You do not reach the goal.
'Tis always 'on the other side,'
It is, upon my soul!"

"So here am I, and I am here,
And you are standing by,
I care not where the things may be,
But where the deuce am I?"

They led him to an ambulance,
Although he bid resist,
And now in padded cell he coss
His Christmas shopping list.

He shrieks upon the midnight clear,
And on the noonday air:
"Three aisles across, two counters back,
Then up and down the stair!"

Oh, foolish men, take heed of this,
Before you go to shop,
And when you reach the outer door,
Tear up your list and stop.

A CHRISTMAS ALIAS

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C. N. AND A. M. WILLIAMSON



SHOOTING SHOW GIRLS ARE FREE

Jury Acquits Lillian Graham and Ethel Conrad in Stokes Case.

PROSECUTOR SEARS PARTIES

After Triumphant Reception in Courtroom Actresses are Given Ovation By Crowd—Broadway Celebrates Judge's Charge Favors Girls

New York.—The brightness of the Great White Way took on an added luster and many a bottle of wine was drunk in celebration here soon after the word went down the line that Lillian Graham and Ethel Conrad were acquitted of the charge of attempting to kill W. E. D. Stokes, the millionaire hotel owner, after the jury deliberated an hour.

When the verdict was announced the girls became hysterical. Miss Graham fell into the arms of Miss Conrad and they were locked in a tearful embrace when friends rushed to their aid. After holding a triumphant reception in the courtroom they were escorted from the Criminal Courts building by a cheering crowd.

In his charge to the jury Judge Marcus eliminated the attempted murder charge from the indictment, restricting the jury to the charges of assault with intent to kill and assault with intent to do bodily harm. His contention was that the shooting in the Varuna apartment on the night of June 7 was not premeditated.

The closing plea of Assistant District Attorney Beckner was a vicious attack on the girls and a denunciation of Stokes.

The prosecutor frequently referred to Stokes as an "old codger" or an "old cove."

BRANDIES ATTACKS GARY

Says Workers are Arousing and Comparing Present to Era of French Revolution.

Washington.—Louis D. Brandeis, expert on political and financial economy and authority on great corporate combinations, started the Senate Committee on Interstate Commerce, investigating the trusts with the following remarkable statement:

"The papers yesterday published a story that Judge E. H. Gary intends presenting Mrs. Gary with a \$500,000 pearl necklace as a Christmas present. This illustrates the sham of profit sharing as practiced by trusts.

"Such things as this must have a serious effect upon existing conditions and create still greater social unrest. This magnificent gift should suggest to us the Queen's necklace of the French revolution and the great social unrest of the people of that day. This gift is a remarkable example of the unearned wealth of those enjoying it and which is taken out of the lives of those who work to produce it."

Judge Gary issued a statement denying Mr. Brandeis' story of the gift to his wife and defending the profit-sharing scheme of the Steel Corporation.

GET FEDERAL BUILDINGS

Ohio, Kentucky and Indiana Cities To Benefit From New Bill In House.

Washington.—Public buildings in many cities in Ohio, Indiana and Kentucky are to be provided for in a "moderate" public buildings bill to be reported to the House of Representatives by the committee in charge.

The Ohio cities likely to benefit are Wilmington, Coshocton, Middletown, Washington, C. H. Sidney, Fostoria, Martins Ferry, Akron, Van Wert, Elyria, Cambridge, Galion and New Philadelphia. In Kentucky buildings are proposed for Glasgow, Eminence, Madisonville, Falmouth, Lancaster, Ashland, Mt. Sterling and Elizabethtown or Hodgenville. For Indiana, Evansville and Linton are mentioned.

Britain Bars Beef Combine.

Chicago.—The hardest blow that has yet been delivered to any of the great combines of capital prosecuted by the Taft Administration was delivered by the British Government to the Chicago meat packers. The British army authorities issued a formal order barring the indicted packers from bidding on British army meat contracts pending the outcome of the trial that is now under prosecution by the Taft Administration.

Changfu Foreigners Terrorized.

Amor.—Foreigners at Changfu are in a state of terror owing to the anti-foreign feeling which has broken out. Placards threatening foreigners have been posted in all parts of town. Natives in ugly mood.

Jury Not Complete in Beef Case.

Chicago.—Once more the trial of the ten Chicago meat packers has been postponed, by the exhaustion of the second panel of veniremen, and will again come up before District Judge Carpenter Monday morning.

ward to our one country-house visit in England; and, of course, it was very nice, but it did seem an anticlimax when the very man I'd been invited to flirt with never turned up at all. Oh, what he missed!" and she laughed.

Belever could cheerfully have kicked himself. To think that he might have met this divine creature in a decent, self-respecting manner, if only he hadn't sent an unworthy excuse to those good but dull people, the Dering-Lacys.

Through inquiries he had learned at the Bristol that the ladies were Mrs. and Miss Fleetwood, but somehow he had failed to associate the name with that of the American heiress with whom the Dering-Lacys had tried to tempt him a few weeks ago. And in his blindness he had rejoiced in the thought of meeting the girl at Amalfi, whither he had ascertained



It Was She!

from the hotel porter that they were going, and whither he had already purposed driving in his coach, which had lately won honors in the coaching meet at Naples.

These desperate reflections drove the hitherto loquacious coachman into an abstracted silence. He answered vaguely the questions with which Lesley did not cease to ply the "perfectly lovely coachman with the bronze profile." He was actually relieved when he stopped his horses at the foot of the long flight of steps that wound up the cliff to the Hotel Cappuccini.

His mind was in a tumult. He, too, was due at the Cappuccini, where his room was engaged; but now he hesitated to go and claim it and to appear in his own person before the American ladies. The craven thought came into his mind that he should run away; then he half resolved to declare himself at once. He had been unable to decide upon a course of action when the ladies prepared to descend from the coach. Then he overheard Lesley whisper to her mother: "He's been so nice and intelligent, don't you think we might give him a couple of francs for himself?" Before he could speak, the girl had placed 12 francs in his hand, wishing him a smiling goodby.

Belever hesitated. To speak, or not to speak—which was wiser in the mind of man? But he found himself maintaining his part by uttering a deferential "Molto grazie, signorina."

Belever turned his smoking team, and walked them back to their stable in the town, where he left coach and horses in the hands of his groom. Strolling slowly back to the Cappuccini steps, his courage suddenly returned to him. He would face the music, brave out the situation and trust to his own tact and the ladies' sense of humor to save the position. One thing only was impossible—to give up the adventure and see the girl no more. He mounted the many steps, received a warm welcome from the handsome and effusive Italian landlord, and in the visitors' book set a firm, clear "Belever, England," immediately under the clever, characteristic writing in which Lesley had inscribed the names of "Mrs. and Miss Fleetwood, New York, U. S. A."

Until the gong clashed out the hour of dinner Belever kept his room, writing letters, slowly changing into his evening clothes, stopping every now and then to lean upon his window-ledge and gaze out upon the incomparable beauty of Amalfi. He was among the earliest persons in the long, vaulted dining-room, once the refectory of the Capuchins, and a word in the ear, and a coin in the hand of the head-waiter, procured him a place next to Miss Fleetwood. This arranged, he retired a little and mingled with the throng of Germans, English, French and Americans who were trooping in to dinner. In a moment or two he saw Mrs. Fleetwood and her daughter coming in from the reading-room, Lesley in a simple but charming white evening dress, shining in his eyes, among the other women, like a flower among weeds.

When the two ladies were seated, Belever grasped his courage in both hands and, with a thumping heart, took the vacant place by Lesley's side. The girl looked up. Her eyes widened with wonder as she gave him

a quick, surprised glance; then a gleam of merriment flashed into her face, and a rich, warm blush reddened her cheeks, tingling even the shell-like ear. Belever saw, with infinite relief, that the first encounter was to be decided in his favor. He smiled and bowed, looking very handsome in his evening dress.

"I hope," he ventured, "that you are not tired after your drive."

Mrs. Fleetwood was looking at him across her daughter.

"Is it possible?" she had begun. "I'm afraid it is, mamma." Lesley cut in mischievously. "Somewhere there's been a very big mistake. Whether it's our fault or this gentleman's, I don't know."

"Let me take all the blame," said Belever, hastily, "if blame there be, for letting myself appear to be what I am not. It was hard to withstand the temptation of having two ladies as companions on the drive."

"And I—made personal remarks, and gave you two francs for yourself!" Lesley threw up her two little hands in horror.

"It was the sincerest compliment I ever received," said Belever. "I shall always keep the coin in recollection of the pleasantest drive of my life." He was wonderfully happy again by this time.

"And that was really your own coach and you are not an Italian?"

"I am as little Italian as you are. I drive my coach for my own pleasure about this coast. I have rented one of those old watch towers which we passed on the way and am having it furnished and fitted up for me now. It would give me great pleasure if you and your mother will take tea with me there one afternoon."

"That would be delightful," Lesley exclaimed; but her forehead had a little, thoughtful pucker and she spoke abstractedly. Belever feared that she was trying to recall the things she had said in English to her mother in the course of the drive, and to keep her from a reflection that might be dangerous to himself, he dashed into conversation.

"By the way," Lesley was saying, "we saw in the visitors' book that Lord Belever is in the hotel. He seems to have arrived to-day, for his name is just under ours. Do you happen to know him?"

Lesley had glanced curiously as she spoke along the row of diners lingering over their nuts, and now she turned full to her companion. In spite of himself he flushed scarlet. He was beginning a stammering reply, when the look on the girl's face checked his words. The truth had flashed into her understanding like a lightning stroke and she was enduring bitter mortification when she remembered how freely she had spoken of him in his own hearing. Her face first crimsoned, then froze into icy haughtiness. Belever looked at her beseechingly and would have spoken had she not stopped him with a gesture. She murmured something to her mother, both ladies rose, and, turning their backs on Belever, without a word or sign, they joined the crowd moving from the room.

The lamps in the long, white house were nearly all extinguished when at last Belever went to bed, but not to sleep. As soon as it was light next morning, he was dressed and out, and, taking a small boat on the beach, he pulled out beyond the tiny pier that forms the harbor of Amalfi. Resting on his oars, he looked up to the quaint, white hotel.

Suddenly a window was thrown open and a graceful figure, dressed in some loose, white morning wrapper, stepped out on the balcony. It was she! Belever's heart beat fast as he looked up at the girl he had loved at first sight standing with one little hand shading her eyes from the sun, drinking in the beauty of the scene. Presently she looked down, as it seemed, into his very eyes. He thought she recognized him, for with an impatient movement she hastily went in, closing the window after her.

Dejectedly Belever rowed ashore and mounted the long flights of steps to the hotel. He thought of packing up his things at once and finding another lodging until his own place should be ready for habitation; but a certain obstinacy in his nature held him from his course. After all, was he so much to blame? Had he done a thing too bad for forgiveness? If he frankly apologized to the ladies, ought they not to forget his impulsive error of taste and receive him again on a footing of friendship? He determined to seize the first opportunity for an explanation.

He had not long to wait, for as he was passing down the long corridor on his way to the sala-manger for breakfast a door opened in front of him and Lesley herself appeared.

"Miss Fleetwood—" He began appealingly, when she turned on him a look so full of resentment that the words died on his lips. She passed him with a hardening of the dainty features and her pretty chin in the air. Belever fell back, biting his lip. For the next two or three hours he wandered wretchedly about the ancient town and presently found himself again at the little pier, where he began to talk with one of the Italian masons employed on the works for strengthening the pier. Suddenly this man broke off in an explanation he was giving of the means by which they transported and sunk the heavy blocks of concrete and raised a warning finger. With startled eyes he was looking up at the great cliff that rose above the harbor.

"Did you hear that, signore?" he

asked in an awed whisper. "It is the mountain working. That is the third time since breakfast I have heard it crack and strain. At six this morning the Hotel Santa Caterina cracked."

"Good heavens! Do you mean that the cliff will fall?"

"I think there is great danger, signore. We have had a fortnight's rain, and the building of the Hotel Santa Caterina there has weakened the base of the mountain. I shall go and call the syndic."

Far above him Belever could see that many persons had come out of the Hotel Cappuccini and were assembled on the terrace looking toward the overhanging part of the mountain. He recognized the flowing whiskers of old Signor Voizzi, the landlord, and could see the white aprons and the bright dresses of the servants mingling with the darker costumes of the hotel guests. Then, on the terrace to the left of the house, beyond the cloisters, just under the grotto, he detected a gleam of poppy color, and, staring hard, he recognized Lesley Fleetwood, walking slowly up and down, all unconscious of the danger that threatened her.

With a shout, Belever started for the grotto. It was approached by a long flight of steps which turned two or three times until they reached the terrace of the grotto.

The girl looked up suddenly, and her face flushed. She turned from him impatiently.

"Miss Fleetwood, there is great danger; the mountain will fall," he cried excitedly. "You must come at once."

"Must!" repeated the girl, with a surprised lifting of the eyebrows.

"This is no time for ceremony," he answered; "the peril is near. Your mother and everyone has run out from the hotel."

"Are you afraid?" She looked at him half mockingly, half disdainfully. "I am afraid for you. I entreat you to come at once!"

"Thank you. I prefer to stay where I am, and to be alone." With this there came from above a shower of loose stone and dust that poured from the edge of the cliff over their heads.

"You see!" he cried. "My witness." "Nonsense!" said Lesley, sharply. "A servant told me those stalactites and things always fall after rain. Pray lose no time in saving yourself from the terrible danger!"

Down came another stone. There was a strange sound, mysterious, indescribable, that came from the mountain. It was as if a giant imprisoned inside were stirring cautiously.

The man and the girl looked into each other's eyes, defiance in hers, pleading in his. But suddenly a hot wave seemed to rush through Belever's veins. With a wild shout from below ringing in his ears, he caught the girl in his arms as if she had been a child. The mountain groaned. Belever sprang from under the arch of the grotto and, as if that fettered giant grudged the loss of his prey, there came a great roaring, which filled the air and confused the young man's senses. With a tremendous crash, a huge mass of rock plunged down from the foot of the grotto upon the very spot where, an instant ago, the two had stood, smashing into fragments the concrete pavement of the platform. The ground shook under Belever's feet; the earth seemed to quake as if it were turned to a



Cried to Him to Come Back.

Jelly. Deafened, half blind, unable to think, he still ran on, Lesley quiet as death against his shoulder.

Running down the few steps toward the hotel, which lay below the grotto in the rock, he reached the cloisters. Something seemed compelling him to look up. The whole mountain appeared to be falling. In the midst of a rushing mass from above three human figures detached themselves, shooting downward, limp as dolls made of rags, yet dignified into supreme tragedy.

"A few seconds and we shall be like that," were the words that flashed through Belever's brain. Still, though he was hopeless now, instinct made him run on—for dear life.

Hardly had the thought of what might come printed itself before his eyes, when the whole great, overhanging mass of cliff broke away and fell headlong.

Now they were in the chapel. It was like a dream to be there. The

soft dusk, the peace, the faint suggestion of incense, the lighted candles—in honor of the Christmas season—on the altar, and dotted about among the quaint little oriental figures of the "crib," or "prescripio," all seemed unreal, a mirage of peace in the presence of great danger. The rushing noise, like an advancing tidal wave, grew louder. From the doorway through which he had just come Belever could see what was happening. He saw a huge flying boulder strike the roof of the hotel, crush it in, and break away the wall beneath, as if the solid, ancient structure, which had weathered the storms of 800 years, had been a house of cards, set up by the hands of a child.

For a moment he believed that the whole building would go, and the girl he loved with it. But he heard the thunder of the landslide as it swept down to the sea, engulfing the Santa Caterina as it went and throwing a towering wall of water that rushed in upon the beach. Then a great silence fell, broken only by the far-away shouting of human voices sounding strangely small and feeble after nature's savage uproar. Nothing more happened. They were saved.

Lesley had clung to him speechless, almost breathless, and Belever had clasped her tightly, hardly knowing how tightly. But now he gently released her. As he did so, she fell away from him, half fainting, and he caught her again, with his arm round her waist.

"For heaven's sake, tell me that you're not hurt—that no stone struck you as we came," he stammered. "No," she whispered, for all strength was gone from her, and she could not speak aloud. "No—but you—there's a streak of blood on your forehead. Oh, how can I ever forgive myself? You might have been killed. It was all—my fault. I was a wretch. You ought to have gone and left me."

"I'd rather have been killed than do that," said Belever. He had forgotten to let her go. She had forgotten to draw herself away, and so they still stood together, these two enemies, she leaning slightly against him, he with his arm round her waist.

"Oh, why do you say that?" she faltered. "I was so obstinate—so wicked. I deserved anything. I wonder you cared."

"But, you see, I loved you," said Belever, quite simply. "If the end had to come I wanted it to come for me, too." It did not seem in the least strange that he should be telling her this, though she had never seen him until yesterday and had refused to speak to him this morning. They had known each other always, now, and they could never go back to being strangers again.

She did not answer, or even appear surprised; but, when her eyes left his they wandered all about the chapel, thinking how beautiful it looked and how sacred it seemed and how good it was to be there.

"I hope—" she began; but what she hoped Belever was not to know, for a pale woman appeared at the door leading into the chapel from the hotel opposite the entrance from the cloisters, and, at the sight of the two figures standing together in the jeweled twilight broke into sobs.

"Lesley—thank heaven!" she ejaculated. "I've searched everywhere for you. They tried to keep me from coming back to the house, but I would." Lesley ran to her mother. "He saved my life," she said.

The elder woman held out both her hands to him.

"How can I thank you?" she cried. "By forgiving me—if you will." He spoke to her, but he looked at Lesley.

"We start newly from this moment," said the girl. Her eyes were wonderfully soft and sweet in the chapel's dusk, jeweled by the candle lights.

"Come away quickly," implored her mother. "Who knows yet if it is safe even here? It has all been so sudden, so horrible. I saw everything from the terrace—the peasants falling over the cliff from above, the fishing boats crushed—oh, I shall dream of it always. Signore Voizzi says even if all is well after this, every one must leave the hotel as soon as we can get our things together. Do come!"

She turned toward the door again drawing Lesley with her. Belever followed and at the door Lesley turned back. He hardly dared to believe that he had read aright what her eyes



UTSIDE the little station at Cava del Tirreni, three days before Christmas, a crowd of interpreters, porters, hotel touts and cabmen were awaiting the arrival of the quick train from Naples. As it drew up in the station and the first travelers made their appearance at the exit there rose a babel of voices. Conspicuous among the vehicles in waiting was a smart English-looking four-in-hand, driven by

a handsome, aquiline-faced young man, so dark of skin that he might well have passed for an Italian. At the heads of the impatient horses stood an impassive English groom.

Young Lord Belever, who was driving his own coach, scanned eagerly, from under the brim of his smart bowler, the persons who came crowding out of the station. His eyes lighted with pleasure as a girl appeared in the doorway, followed by an older lady, and two porters, carrying luggage and wraps. A dash of Parisian smartness in the lines of the well-cut traveling dress and the perfectly fitting boots, a more than Anglo-Saxon frankness and independence of carriage, announced the girl as an American.

A driver bent down from the box of his carriage, and, in answer to a question from the young lady, an elementary Italian, demanded 14 francs for the drive to Amalfi.

"But 'Baedeker' says the tariff is five or six," expostulated the girl. Her Italian was fluent, if the grammar was a little shaky. Lord Belever, from his high box-seat, heard every word.

"Baedeker!" The Italian driver snatched his fingers with a gesture of contempt. "Fourteen francs is the fare."

The girl bit her lip. She thought she was being cheated and that made her angry.

"Perhaps we had better take him and have done with it, dear," suggested the elder lady. "It doesn't matter much, you know. There are not many carriages left. If we bargain too long we may get none."

"Mamma," exclaimed the beauty, "I hate to be cheated!"

She looked around, and catching sight of Belever's pawing, glossy bays, her pleased eyes traveled in one glance up to the box-seat, where the young man sat looking eagerly down on her.

"Why, mamma," exclaimed the girl, "if there isn't a perfectly lovely coach, and I believe the man wants to drive us!"

"It's sure to be more than the cab, dear."

"How much to drive us to Amalfi?" cried the girl.

"Five francs each, ladies," was the prompt answer in good Italian, the language in which the coachman had been addressed.

"Bene," came the quick reply, and the girl signed to the porters to put the bags and wraps inside the coach.

The groom, hiding a grin, ran with a ladder; the elder lady mounted to a place behind the driver, the beauty climbing to the box-seat. With a flick of the long whip the bays dashed forward.

"I call this too glorious for words!" The beauty's cheeks were tinged with carmine, brought there by the tingling sea air that blew up the ravine; her eyes sparkled. "Aren't we in luck, mamma, to have got seats in this splendid coach, and with such a driver, too? See how well he handles the reins! And his profile looks as if he were cast in bronze."

"Take care, Lesley! Are you sure he doesn't understand you, dear?"

"Oh, that's all right! Very few of these Italian drivers know more than two or three words of English."

Then the girl began to talk Italian to the coachman and he answered her in the same tongue, fluently and courteously. Belever could speak Italian nearly as well as his own language and Lesley's knowledge was not deep enough to detect his few slips. He felt guilty, but dared not betray his nationality, lest the ladies should insist on being put down at the next village.

"Well, mamma," cried Lesley, turning in her place, "we've had a splendid time in Europe, haven't we? We've seen and done such a lot of things. But I believe I like Italy best of all. Of course, Egypt was gorgeous and Greece was lovely—"

"And England—" prompted the mother.

"England was sweet. But it was disappointing in one way. Only fancy our not meeting one single, solitary, real, live lord. I shall be ashamed to go home. My country expected it of me. And—I failed. Such a shame we should have missed Lord Belever! When I brought three new dresses on purpose, too!"

Belever started. This was a nice scrape he had got himself into. But he didn't see any way out of it now. He could not suddenly exclaim, "Behold, I am Lord Belever!" He had seldom been more uncomfortable; but the worst of it was that he found himself base enough to snatch a fearful joy from the situation.

"I dare say he would have been most uninteresting when you came to know him," the girl's mother proceeded to console her.

"But the Dering-Lacys said he was awfully clever and good-looking, don't you remember? I was so looking for-

HELLO!



USEFUL CHRISTMAS PRESENTS for Women Folks

E. F. COYLE

You pay less—or get more

LOCAL PAGE

NEWS OF BERE A AND VICINITY, GATHERED FROM A VARIETY OF SOURCES

DR. BEST,

DENTIST

CITY PHONE 153

Office over Berea Bank & Trust Co.

DAN H. BRECK

Fire, Life and Accident Insurance

Phone 505 Richmond, Ky.

L. & N. TIME TABLE.

North Bound Local

Knoxville 7:00 a. m. 10:55 p. m.
BEREA 1:04 p. m. 3:52 a. m.
Cincinnati 6:30 p. m. 7:45 a. m.

South Bound Local

Cincinnati 6:30 a. m. 8:15 p. m.
BEREA 12:34 p. m. 12:33 a. m.
Knoxville 6:55 p. m. 6:56 a. m.

Express Trains

Stop to take on and let off passengers from beyond Dayton, O., or from Atlanta and beyond.

South Bound
Cincinnati 8:00 a. m.
BEREA 11:44 a. m.

North Bound
BEREA 4:46 p. m.
Cincinnati 8:37 p. m.

Mr. J. D. Clarkston is to move his hardware store to the building where Mr. Porter has had his office. Mr. Porter moves to the building next door, recently vacated by J. M. Coyle. Mr. Chester Engle has moved his store goods into the building of J. L. Gay on Chestnut Street.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Coyle left Monday for Hamilton to make their home. Mr. Albert Bicknell is visiting in Red Lick this week.

The little grandchild of Mrs. Robert Gillon was brought here from Indiana for burial, Friday.

Mr. Wm. Dooley was in town last week.

Mr. Allen Bogie, who has been doing brick laying in Pineville, is back in Berea.

Mr. Alvin Azbill of Kirksville was in Berea, Monday.

Prof. Raine will read at his home next Tuesday night at 7 p. m., perhaps one of Geo. W. Cable's stories. College Workers are welcome to "drop in."

Miss Bettie Azbill who has been in Alabama for a few months returned home Friday.

It looks like everybody trades at Welch's.

Mr. Campbell of Danville was visiting his two daughters, Saturday, who are here in school.

Professor S. C. Mason is expected in Berea the last of the week and will remain perhaps four or five days renewing friendship here.

Big auction sale of lots on Prospect Street, Wednesday, Dec. 27th. see the Master Commissioner's announcement on page 5. A splendid opportunity to buy a fine residence lot.

At Home

From now, henceforth and ever after

The Racket Store

In the most attractive, commodious, up-to-date building in Berea. With a line of merchandise and Christmas goods that will please every one.

Come in and See Us

The New Brick Building with the Handsome Plate Glass Windows

Main St. Hotel Block

Miss Bettie Hardin has returned from Mt. Vernon.

During vacation the Library will be open every day from 1:30 to 4:30 p. m., except Christmas and New Year's Day.

Coal oil 10 cents per gallon at Tatum's.

Miss Merrow, not being able to write a personal letter to all her friends sends holiday greetings to her Berea friends.

It's the easiest way to make money, "Save the Difference."

Granville Miller, of Disputanta, passed a counterfeit ten dollar bill at Tatum's lately which was discovered the next morning. He was located and has given a two hundred dollar bond to appear before Federal Grand jury in February.

WANTED: All your turkeys and chickens at a good price.—J. S. Gott, Depot Street.

Mr. Estridge of Level Green was in Berea, Sunday.

Mr. Burt Holder of London, is here to spend Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Early.

Mr. Crawford and family of Laurel County have moved into Mr. Kelley's house on West Chestnut Street.

Mrs. L. A. Davis and Miss Martha Click make a business trip to Cincinnati, Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Duncan returned to Berea from Cincinnati, Saturday.

Mrs. D. G. Martin of Conway, was in Berea, Monday.

Miss Winifred Jones, a former Berea student, who has been teaching at Pleasant Hill Academy, Tenn., for a few years, came to Berea Saturday to spend a week with friends.

Misses Maggie Taulbee and Hene Houser left at the first of the week for Florida, where they will spend the Christmas holidays with relatives of Miss Taulbee.

Mr. Harry Prather was home at the first of the week.

Mrs. Chas. Clift is spending the Christmas holidays with friends in town.

Miss Sarah Cocks left last Friday for her home in Dallas, Tex., to spend the Christmas vacation.

Prof. Downing left Tuesday for Atlantic City where he expects to be joined by his sister and go to the southern part of Florida to spend a few days among the fruit and flowers.

Mr. Hofman Adams left Monday for Texas, where his parents are making their new home. He will not return to school this year.

Mr. John Allen and brother, Charlie, who have been in Oklahoma for some time have returned to Berea.

A family by the name of Crawford have moved from Rockcastle County, occupying the Cliff premises at the west end, and intend to put several children in school.

Judge Lewis has returned to Berea with his family and is spending a few days in town after completing his fall circuit. Mrs. Lewis has been sick several days since coming to Berea. Several children are studying in the institution.

United States District Attorney Field of Whitesburg, Letcher County, whose daughter is in school, spent a few days in Berea this week. Mr. Field is one of the men of whom eastern Kentucky is justly proud.

Rev. H. S. Murdock, President of Witterspoon College of Buckhorn, Perry County, Ky., was in town over Sunday, preaching in the Union Church in the morning and addressing the Young Men's Christian Association at night. Both the sermon and the address were highly appreciated. His picture of the need for Christian work on the part of eastern Kentucky men in behalf of their own section was very appealing.

THE MESSIAH

The Messiah was given before the largest audience which ever gathered for such a purpose in Berea, and was enjoyed by a larger number than ever before, the religious feeling being specially evident throughout. The solo singers gave their parts impressively, especially the bass, though many of us remembered the moving voices of some of Berea's singers who are very effective in these parts.

The delay in beginning was unfortunate because it is difficult to give sustained attention for so long a program. And we think the effect would be improved if the chorus could follow the solo parts more promptly so as to prevent any disjointed effect. The music is of great difficulty but by rendering the same piece year after year our chorus will become increasingly free and unconscious in the rendition. Prof. Rigby and his assistants have a right to great satisfaction in the success attained and the service rendered.

GERMAN SOCIAL

One of the most pleasant social functions incident to the closing term and the nearness of Christmas time occurred at the home of President and Mrs. Frost on last Saturday night when Miss Welsh cleverly entertained the members of her German classes by giving them a social so German-like that a casual visitor would have thought himself in Der Vaterland itself.

The Christmas tree sparkled with its many lighted candles and decorations, and by the candle light the assembled guests indulged in a social half hour of German conversation, wise and otherwise.

At the call of the hostess all were seated and sang together several German Christmas songs. Then followed "Der Christbaum ist der schonste Baum," rendered by a mixed quartette from the Sophomore class; a reading by Mr. A. D. Todd; "Ein feste Burg" by a quartette from the Junior class; a German story by Miss Lucy Holliday; "Reminiscences of our stay in Germany" by President Frost; closing with "Stille Nacht" sung by all.

VACATION SOCIALS

Friday, Dec. 22—General social in Parish House, 7 to 9 p. m.

Monday, Dec. 25—General social in Chapel, 7 to 9 p. m.

Wednesday, Dec. 27—Department socials:

College—Prof. Raine's home.

Normal—Parish House.

Academy—President Frost's home.

Vocational—Annex dining room.

Foundation—Gymnasium.

Saturday, Dec. 30—General social in Gymnasium, 7 to 9 p. m.

FOR SALE

One good 8 room house; lot 60x175 feet; good cistern, on High Street, Berea, Ky., a bargain if sold at once. Address, F. S. Mullins, Conway, Ky.

Farm of 25 acres at Snider, Ky., 1 1/2 miles north of Cenway. Good dwelling; all improved; under good fence; good well, storehouse and stock of groceries. Address F. S. Mullins, Conway, Ky.

FOR SALE

On Center Street a good lot known as the John Bales place. House and barn on lot. Good reason for selling. —owe money.—D. N. Welch.

PRESENTS

Most appropriate for
all now on sale at our
NEW DRUG STORE

WELCH'S



Give A Man What He Wants, That's The Way to Please Him

Here are the things he will like better than any thing else—and the prices are exceedingly attractive:

- A New Suit,
- A New Overcoat,
- A New Pair Shoes,
- A New Hat,
- A New Shirt,
- A 1/2 Doz. Prs. Hoes,
- A New Sweater,
- A Pr. Gloves, A Necktie,
- A Handkerchief, Suspenders,

Cuff Buttons, Stick Pin, and lots of other thing we have to show you when you come in.

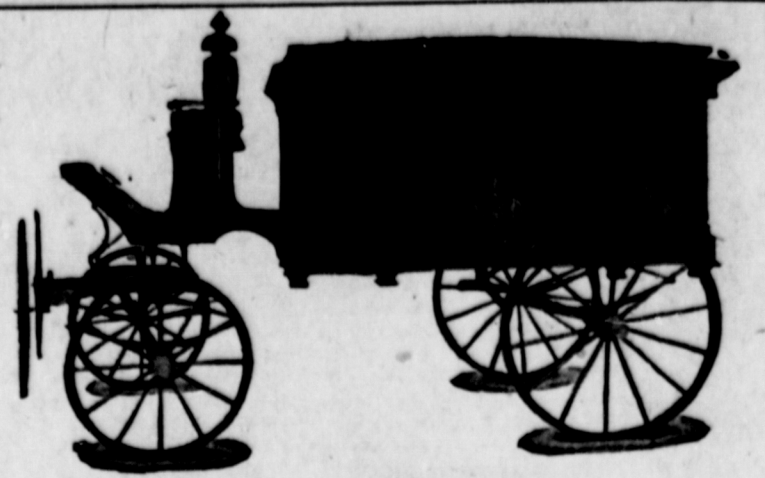
You will find it easy to decide what to buy when you get here.

RHODUS & HAYES

THE QUALITY STORE

MAIN ST.

BEREA, KY.



R. H. CHRISMAN

Undertaking and Embalming

A Complete Line of Modern Funeral Supplies.
SPECIAL SERVICE DAY OR NIGHT.

Day Phone 26

Night 46

Refreshments were then served consisting of Kaffee and Festkuchen followed by a flash-light picture of the company, after which all departed expressing their appreciation of the pleasant evening and wishing the hostess a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

MISSIONS MADE INTERESTING

A program of unusual interest was presented in an exceptional manner by the Student Volunteer Band at the Y. M. C. A. meeting in the Chapel, December 10th. That the speakers reached their hearers, was manifested by the close attention and the note books brought in use to catch the valuable items of information brought out in the presentation of each subject.

A novel feature was the use of large placards, each of which presented in graphic manner the especial facts emphasized by the individual speaker.

Boiled down to the very essence the subject in hand was truly, concisely, clearly presented with the emphasis of crystalized fact. There was rhetoric, the rhetoric of uncontroverted figures, there was appeal, the appeal of the clearly designated need. Multiplicity of words there was not. But the appeal was powerful.

Berea has reason to be proud that she can put on the platform a band of young people who, so far from being amateurish, can use the weapons of speech and fact to very good purpose.

Below is given a short extract from each address.

Miss Mary Pickering presented in a striking manner the need and great opportunity for medical missionaries. "Do you know the actual need for medical missionaries today? In non-Christian lands there is one medical missionary to every 2,500,000 population. According to that proportionment Kentucky ought to have one physician, the U. S. forty. Actually, however, the U. S. has 160,000 physicians, one to every 625, in non-Christian lands one to 2,500,000?"

Mr. Horace Caldwell showed how we Americans spend our money. "The money spent for one year on whiskey would pay an army of 3,200,000 missionaries a salary of \$500 each and put one missionary to every 37 heathen in the whole world." We spend yearly,

Foreign missions, \$11,000,000.
Candy 250,000,000
Tobacco 600,000,000

Liquor 1,600,000,000

Miss Margaret Taulbee showed what an enemy modern missions has in Mohammedanism. "One-seventh of the world are followers of Mohammed. The numbers are increasing. It is time for Christians to awake and work if the world is saved from Mohammedanism. Which shall it be, the Cross or Crescent?"

Mr. Francis Clark told us how little it would be for America to send enough missionaries to evangelize the world in this generation. "All the men required to evangelize the world in this generation would be one in every eight hundred church members. In the Civil War Georgia sent into the army one man out of every 5.5 of the white population; Florida one in 4.3; North Carolina sent out 10,000 more than the total number of voters; Kentucky sent a larger proportion into the two armies than any state in the Union."

Mr. Whittemore Boggs showed what a large part of the world had not been touched by Christian missions. "One missionary with his native helpers can evangelize 25,000 people in a generation; there are 27,000 districts of 25,000 people each without a single missionary. There are great areas even in the lands partially occupied without one Christian worker. The great strategic battle ground of missions is Africa, where Mohammedanism is rapidly gaining ground. Once this ground is lost to Mohammedanism the battle for Christian missions is one hundred times as hard."

Mr. Alwin Todd took Korea as an example of what Christianity will do for a non-Christian nation if we meet our opportunity. "There has been an average of one convert an hour every hour in the day and night since the first missionary set foot in Korea twenty-five years ago. There are now more than 2,000,000 believers and there are not more than 15,000,000 souls in the whole empire. Christianity has become the national enthusiasm in Korea somewhat as baseball is in this country."

Miss Cora Marsh reviewed the progress of modern missions and gave a call to service. "It took modern missions one hundred years to win the first million converts out of heathenism; the next million was won in twelve years; the next million is being won in six years. The day is coming when we will win millions every year we measure up to our God-given opportunities."



Gifts Appropriate

Gifts that may be used and enjoyed to the comfort of one or the entire family three hundred and sixty-five and one-fourth days during the year and the next year and the next year and so on for ten possibly twenty years. To get the above results make it

- A substantial Quartered Oak Rocker, \$3.50 to 6.50
- A nice Quartered Oak Parlor Table, \$5.00 to 10.00
- A fine Axminster Rug for the Parlor, \$2.50 to 10.00
- A Globe Werneke Elastic Book Case, \$10.00 to 20.00
- A fine big plain Foster's Range, one that stands upon legs with or without a warming closet, 16 or 18 inch oven, fully guaranteed, \$18.00 to 25.00
- A Roll Top family compartment Desk, \$10.00 to 20.00
- A fine white felt Mattress, \$6.50 to 10.00
- A pair all wool Blankets, \$3.00 to 4.00
- A Mirror, A Picture, A Couch or Davenport, A Sideboard, Buffet, or A Kitchen Cabinet

THE FURNITURE STORE

Where all the above and hundreds of other articles may be found is the place to select your gift.

"THE FURNITURE MAN"

Phone 26

HISTORY OF RED CROSS SEALS

Red Cross Christmas Seals date back in their origin to "charity stamps," in Boston in 1862, during the Civil War. After the war, this method of raising money was discontinued in this country for a generation, although it found vogue in Portugal, Austria, France, Spain, Switzerland, Denmark, Norway, Russia, Sweden and other European countries. There are now several hundred different types of charity stamps used in all parts of the world, as many as forty being used in Austria for children's hospitals alone.

Stamps or seals were first used to get money for the anti-tuberculosis crusade in Norway and Sweden in 1904. After being used in these countries for three years, as a direct result of the interest of Jacob Riis in this movement, the Delaware Anti-Tuberculosis Association, headed by Miss Emily P. Bissell, and the Red Cross Society of Delaware, combined in issuing a Tuberculosis Stamp. So successful was this campaign that nearly \$3,000 was realized, and the next year, in 1908, the American Red Cross was induced to issue a National Red Cross Tuberculosis Stamp.

From this sale, \$135,000 was realized, that amount being almost doubled in 1909. Last year, for the first time, the sale was organized on a comprehensive basis, taking in all parts of the United States, and \$310,000 worth were sold. In 1911, the slogan for the campaign is, "A Million for Tuberculosis from Red Cross Seals."

A Valuable Holding.
Another big dividend payer is Sense common.—Wall Street Journal.

POLITICAL IDEALS

Continued from First Page

truth or am I not? Can it be the truth, that a man who would not steal from his mother will steal from the government, that a man who would not trick his father will trick the government? One might almost say that if a man stopped to think what government is to him he could not any more rob it, he could not any more offend it, than he could rob or offend the mother that bore him. No wonder we say "Our mother country." No wonder we preach patriotism! But alas, alas, how little we do toward defining patriotism clearly and largely as it ought to be defined in the heart of every man who proposes to be a citizen of Kentucky or of the United States. It is not to swell with pride when you see the Star Spangled Banner floating upon the breeze and stop swelling with pride when it comes down in the evening; it is not to sing "My Country 'tis of Thee" and then forget your duty, your supreme duty, next to God, to the government under which you live.

But I cannot pause here, I could talk to you for half an hour or you could talk to me for half an hour, on this point. What I want to come to is this; that Berea stands for individual convictions, individual rights,

individual treatment, individual status before the law; but Berea stands also, in a manner not surpassed by any institution of the United States, for obedience to the law. Berea habitually appeals to the name of Lincoln, and well it may I in this case, for it was Lincoln who said with regard even to the fugitive slave law, "It is ungodly, it is ungodly, no doubt it is ungodly, but it is the law, and we must obey it while it stands." So spoke Abraham Lincoln. Let me trust that it is the heart's voice of every young citizen and every prospective mother of citizens that hears my voice today.

Your Debt to Berea

Render unto government the things that are government's, and unto God the things that are God's. There, once for all, the Savior of mankind proclaimed that the two allegiances were not irreconcilable and that they must not be treated as if they were irreconcilable. Here are young boys, yonder are young men. If I may judge you by ordinary human probabilities many of you are not as clear as you might be as to what these ideas are upon which Berea was founded and for which Berea is known and praised and loved and approved not only throughout the United States but throughout the English-speaking world. Well, it is not right that I should go into all that, but it is your business to find it out. Do you feel that you owe anything to government, that protects you from invasion, that protects you from famine, that establishes the conditions of life that have made the vast wealth of our nation? Do you think that you owe anything in gratitude to the government of this United States, and think you do not owe anything to the government and history of Berea? You owe at least this much, to know the foundation idea of Berea, and if your convictions do not contradict it, to stand by it through thick and thin. I am going to touch on it, and I am going to trust you to acquaint yourself with it more thoroughly.

The Berea Idea

The Berea idea, is the Golden Rule, the Golden Rule in politics, the Golden Rule in human rights. Now, there is a stumbling block connected with the Golden Rule. The word is: "Do unto others as you would that they should do unto you," but when you go out in life you do not go far before suddenly you find you cannot quite manage this rule. If you are going to be colonel of a regiment or general of a brigade you find that you cannot do unto the private soldier as you want that private soldier to do unto you; that there are differences of rank and orders and neces-

sary differences of treatment accordingly, but I will give you a qualifying clause which makes the rule entirely and forever practicable. "Do unto others as you would that they should do unto you" if the case were reversed. That is the whole of it. Do unto others as you would that they should do unto you if they were you and you were they. That rule you can carry right through life, and that is Berea's rule.

What does it mean in politics, what does it mean in citizenship, in all community relations? It means the treatment of the individual according to his individual worth. Now forget everything else I have said but remember that; that BEREA STANDS FOR THE TREATMENT OF THE INDIVIDUAL ACCORDING TO HIS INDIVIDUAL WORTH. Class, nationality, race, let them all pass. Christianity itself never said to you that any nation, any class, had a divine right to rule or to last forever, but Christianity does tell you, and all the world's best philosophy does tell you, that the individual man has a right to his life, liberty and happiness while he lives that he has a right to be treated for what he is and does and is likely to be and to do. There are qualifications, I admit, but that is the supreme fact and all other facts are mere qualifying clauses.

I am going to come over here, young ladies, because I find myself talking to the young men all the time. (Applause) You see I am betraying a little unprogressiveness because I am talking to these young men as prospective citizens, forgetting what may come over on this side. (Laughter)

Now I have got to offer one qualification of this principle of individual treatment on the basis of individual worth and then, I think, I shall be done. The qualification is that such treatment can never be absolute, never be perfect. Now, if we should stop with this confession what joy and light it would strike in the heart of many a moss-backed, old-fashioned Southerner! But I am not going to stop there. Render to every individual the treatment due to his individual worth. It cannot absolutely be done, but for all that it is the thing to strive for, as moral duty, as political policy, as human justice the world over. It is the thing to strive for supremely, and it is the thing that the world's progress is striving for. It cannot be done absolutely. All our institutions are human and all human institutions are imperfect, and it often happens that the individual has to waive his rights for the good of the mass of society.

That is not because his rights are wrong; it is because human institutions are imperfect and all human relations are imperfect and they must accommodate themselves to one another's imperfections. But the watchword, the first word, the last word of it all, is the word I have given you: RENDER UNTO EVERY INDIVIDUAL THE TREATMENT DUE TO HIS INDIVIDUAL WORTH AS AN INDIVIDUAL. Let him waive his rights in the interests of society, but when society itself has to abridge his rights for her own safety society there incurs the solemn moral responsibility of doing that as little as she must as infrequently as she may and ceasing to do it as soon as she can.

Now I say that Berea stands for that. Berea stands for that as no other spot in the state of Kentucky stands for it. A few such spots are sprinkled all over the South and they are every one of them lighthouses, beacons of progress that stand for it as the regions round about them do not stand for it. I say that as a Southerner, I say that as an ex-Confederate soldier, I say that as a man who has in his own mind and heart and convictions made every mistake the South has ever made.

Prove All Things

Now Berea stands for another idea, and it is embodied in the Scripture text: "Prove," that means, try, as—

COMMISSIONERS SALE

Mattie A Seal, etc., Plaintiffs.
vs.
Lizzie Hughes, etc. Defendants.
Under and by virtue of a judgment and order of sale rendered at the October Term, 1911, of the Madison Circuit Court, the undersigned Master Commissioner of said Court will on

Big Sale on at Engle's

You will show sense, and save the cents that make the dollars if you trade at Engle's for the next thirty days

Big Sales of Shoes and Clothing

Phone 60 R. J. ENGLE, Berea, Ky.

Wednesday, Dec. 27, 1911, on the premises in the city of Berea, Ky., at 11 o'clock a. m. sell to the highest and best bidder at public auction the following described property:

Beginning at a stone on the south side of Prospect St. in Berea, Ky., corner of J. L. Baker, thence eastward along south side of Prospect St., 1,140 feet to land owned by Simpson McGuire, thence with line of same, southwest 825 feet to a stone corner to McGuire's, and in line to Jason Williams, thence with his line westward 840 feet to a point near center of creek, thence with line of P. B. Ambrose and J. L. Baker, 1,010 feet to the beginning, containing 22 acres more or less.

Said tract has been subdivided into 23 splendid building lots with streets fronting same, and will be sold in single and combinations of

lots to suit purchasers. After all the property will be offered as a whole and the bid or bids producing the most money will be accepted. Said plot is on file in the Commissioner's office and can be seen at any time and on the ground the day of sale.

Terms: Said land will be sold on a credit of six months or six and twelve months time, with the option of purchaser paying the purchase money at any time before maturity. If sold on time the purchaser will be required to execute bond with approved security, payable to the Commissioner, bearing 6 per cent interest from day of sale until paid and to secure payment of the purchase money a lien will be retained to have the full force and effect of a judgment.

H. C. Rice, M. C. M. C. C.

BEREA'S LEADING HARDWARE STORE

I have just bought the Isaacs' Hardware Store and in the future will carry a complete line of
HARDWARE, PAINTS, FARMING IMPLEMENTS AND GROCERIES
Prices Right J. D. CLARKSTON Give Us a Call

PALACE MEAT MARKET

Fresh and cured meats and lard. Call for what you want and get what you call for. Highest market price paid for butter, eggs and chickens

Leaf Lard, guaranteed pure.

Fish and Oysters every Thursday.

Kidd Building, Corner Main and Richmond Streets, Berea, Ky.

U. B. ROBERTS, Prop.

Do You Want to Buy a Good Blue Grass Farm?

Do you want to buy a good building lot in Berea and do as others have done, build you a comfortable home, educate your children and make a living?

Or is it a common to medium farm you want at a moderate price for either cash or terms with easy payments, close around and convenient to Berea College?

It may be more convenient for you to buy some of the beautiful homes already built that I have for sale for my clients in Berea. Good enough for anybody.

I have plenty of Real Estate in Madison and adjoining Counties for sale at a price to suit any one, from \$10 per acre to \$150 per acre owing to the quality and location of the land. Think it over and write me what you want or call at my office and we will talk it over. REMEMBER WHAT I SAY, you will always get a square deal with Holiday If interested.

CALL UPON OR ADDRESS,

G. D. HOLLIDAY

Room 4, Berea Bank & Trust Building
BEREA, KY.

There is only one way—Honesty!

PETTUS & PARKS, Druggists

Chestnut St., Berea, Ky.

Honest Drugs at Honest Prices.

Your prescription filled accurately at living prices, any time, day or night.

We have a nice line of Toilet Goods, etc. Also a nice line of Jewelry and Mr. T. A. Robinson, our expert jeweler, will have charge of same.

LOOK AT THIS!

A Splendid Bagain in a 318 acres Stock and Fruit Farm. This land is real good limestone blue grass mountain land, well watered. About 60 acres in blue grass; about 100,000 ft. of saw timber; a great deal of the timber and a great number of locust posts. Finest stone for making lime anywhere. Sheep live on blue grass all winter. This is one of the best of sheep ranches, also a splendid fruit farm. It has growing on it now about 2,000 budded bearing peach trees; 150 finely assorted budded apple trees, besides all kinds of small fruit, grapes, cherries, plums, etc. This tract has on it two good farm residences. One with splendid cellar and all necessary outbuildings, and one splendid stock barn, water in yard—3 tenement houses, and is in good neighborhood, within 2 miles of church, school and post office, 5 miles from Rail Road.

I will sell same as a whole or in two tracts—county road dividing it—as a whole for \$25.00 per acre on good terms. Town lots and improved property in Berea, Ky. Bluegrass farms in Madison and Garrard Cos., 5,000 acres in 1 block. Timber and coal lands in Southeastern Kentucky all for sale at prices and terms to suit purchaser. Let me hear from any one interested.

J. P. BICKNELL
Berea, Ky.

Dooley's For Everything To Eat

In addition to our regular up-to-date line of Staple and Fancy Groceries, which we sell every day, we have made special arrangements to supply your every want for the holidays. Our fruit line is everything that could be expected. We call special attention to our stock of Candies, which has been carefully selected. We feel sure that if you allow us to take care of your candy orders you will be pleased.

Prices are always right.

Saturday Christmas Trees



ALL the children in 1925 have Christmas trees? This question is being asked by thousands of people throughout the United States. Indications point to the supposition that within the next 15 years the supply of the evergreen trees with which we deck our living rooms annually at the feast of St. Nicholas will be so small that folk in the ordinary walks of life will not be able to afford a tree.

Year after year the forests have been denuded. New England, a generation ago, was thought to have an almost inexhaustible supply. Today her hills are bare. Nearly all her immense forests of spruce and fir have been sacrificed to the sentiment of Yuletide.

The middle states have been ransacked for their treasures. The farmer, although he receives but two cents apiece for the trees, is afraid to look the future in the face and wait until the tree is full grown. Neither does he show any discretion in cutting, but every year he rushes to the woods and cuts everything that he can lay his hands on in order that some one may have a night's pleasure by defacing nature's work with cheap tinsel and candles. After that, what would have been the forest of the future is discarded forever, beyond the power of man to restore and the work of nature for years to replace.

The bulk of the trees now come from Canada. More than 300,000 are used annually in Philadelphia alone. New York, Chicago, Baltimore and a hundred towns between them use three times that number every year.

In the wild hills of the Canadian provinces the trees are still plentiful. But it is only a question of a few years' time, with the increased demand for them, when their price will soar. No attempt is made, apparently, to rejuvenate the forests.

In a few scattered places throughout the country, it is true, one or two men have started nurseries in Christmas trees. Intelligent planting and cutting within three generations may make them useful patches from which to glean hardy trees.

But elsewhere, in spite of the conservation which we hear so much about nowadays, the trees are stripped ruthlessly from the hills and valleys and no attempt is made by the greedy marketer to replace them.

This has resulted in the present dearth of the much-desired spruce trees. Vermont already charges an additional stumpage of five cents, upon trees which are shipped out of the state.

Let us consider the Christmas tree situation in Philadelphia. Each year more than 1,000 flat freight cars, loaded with the trees, which are piled in double tiers, reach the city. The capacity of the flat car averages 300 trees.

Therefore, approximately 300,000 trees are used in Philadelphia annually. Sentimentality apart, this is an enormous waste of material, when it is recalled that the trees serve no economic purpose, and the majority of them furnish fuel for bonfires on vacant lots two weeks after the holiday.

It is an expensive proposition considered in any light. First comes the cost of sending men into regions where the trees grow. They are experts. They are able to size up the marketable value of a patch of woods after a day's tramp through them. Then comes the cost of cutting, stumping, hauling and shipping to destination. After that, it is mainly a matter for the retail dealers, who buy trees either as they stand in the forests, or at the freight yards in the cities to which they are consigned.

The small dealer must make his profit. He tacks on an extra price which the consumer must pay. Then comes the expense of decorating the greenwood with tinsel and glistening ornaments. This costs a little fortune in itself. Finally, it is usual to pay the ashen man to cart the tree away, after the holidays are over.

It has been estimated that from first to last, from the time that the seedling is planted in the soft, friable soil, to the moment it returns to its primal element, the dust, as a handful of embers on the city lot, a Christmas tree represents a money valuation of \$25.

This is a total expenditure of \$7,500,000 annually. Of course, this figure is purely imaginary. The trees do not actually cause that amount of money to change hands in a simple buying and selling transaction. But there is actually that much loss to the regions which supply trees.

If all the trees in an average loaded flat car were to be stood upon their butts, in the natural way in which they would grow, they would cover a ten-acre lot. Multiply this by 1,000 and the amount of timber stripped annually from the hills will become apparent at once.

Just at this time of the year the Christmas tree industry is in its most flourishing condition. All of the trees for this year's market have been cut. Many of them are in transit, but some of them are even now standing in the freight yards of the railroads, waiting for the retail dealers to purchase them.

Dealers are gradually awakening to the fact that it is better to ship their trees early, sell them all at a low price, and save the trouble and expense of remaining a long time in the city bartering their wares.

The dealers in Christmas trees are types. They are all queer characters. You cannot pick out one that has not some peculiarity. As in all trades, there are tricks to the business of buying and selling Christmas trees.

You would think that the disposal of a car load of railroad ties, with a layer of trees piled on top, to an un-
wary customer, would bar the deal-



DEFACING NATURE FOR A NIGHT'S PLEASURE

ers from coming again to the spot where they had practiced such deception.

Yet it never does. Year after year they practice the most dishonest tricks upon their patrons. One man last year got a high price for 20 of the finest trees ever seen in Philadelphia. He told the buyer that the rest of the car on which the 20 were loaded was just like them, but when they were unloaded and placed for sale, they proved to be small and scrubby, many of them being utterly unfit for use. Dealers such as these are rare, it is true; the majority of them are honest.

To the dealers, whom the railroads designate as the consignees, come the little fellows, the traders. These also represent almost every phase of human character. Many save up a few hundred dollars and visit the freight yards with their teams, buying the trees in less than carload lots. In this way they can see just what they are getting. Most of them are shrewd fellows, and drive a hard bargain. Your upcountryman is oftentimes as shrewd, however, as the "piker" dealer, and many amusing hours may be spent frequenting the freight yards in the railroads where the trees are stacked or exhibited for sale.

Each year there are many new additions to the company of dealers. The lure of the adventure, the chance to realize money upon an investment that is practically certain to bring a 50 per cent. return, attracts many to the business. Trees can be purchased in half carload lots, or even in hundred lots for about 60 cents apiece. If they can be sold for a dollar, or perhaps more, the chance to make money quickly is irresistible to many investors.

Not always does the investor succeed. His fingers are sometimes pretty badly burned. The market may be glutted, he may have a rival on the next corner, or perhaps his trees are not sufficiently attractive to cause the public to patronize him. Perhaps he has held off, waiting for better prices, till the last moment, and finds himself with half a hundred spruce on his hands, which he must dispose of as best he may.

Usually, however, the business is lucrative. The wise dealer buys trees in hundred lots, peddles them out quickly, and comes back for more. He does not wait for high prices, but sells his trees for what he can get.



WHAT MAN WILL DO FOR TWO CENTS

As you pass some windy corner one of these blustery nights before Christmas Eve and see the long rows of evergreens laid against the wall, or ignobly lying prone upon the ground, bethink you of the place in which they first saw the light. The kindly hills, snow-covered engirdling valleys fragrant with spicy odor; picture them bare, littered with the waste of cuttings, and the unsightly stumps of trees.

Picture the brooding of those trees as they grew. It took them 20 years to reach an age and size where they might prove marketable. No more will the wind moan and sigh through their branches. The hills are bare. The snow will melt in the spring, and the soil will not absorb it. Water will run into the streams and the streams become floods, and the floods breed calamities.

The trees, noble fellows all of them, will have their tops hacked off to accommodate them to the stuffiness of our little box-like homes. As the heat of our rooms dries up their sap, their lives will go out, slowly, day by day. They will end on the bonfire.

Yes, buy a tree. Buy one and take it home to your children. When it is bravely decked out in all its gala finery, gather your family about its spreading branches, which are exhaling their last breaths for you, and tell them the story of the life and death of the tree.

THE SPIRIT OF THE DAY.

Have you time for a little sermon? It will take but a few minutes, and today, if ever, our thoughts should be turned toward inward to the heart of things. To you, whose hands rock the cradles of humanity and indirectly rule the world, let us ask a question: Are you forgetting the real spirit of the day? Gift giving on this anniversary of the Nativity is in danger of losing its loving purpose. It has degenerated in many cases to a mercenary exchange—a gift for a gift. The spirit is frequently absent.

This should not be. Women represent the greater number of gift-givers. Let us then revert to the underlying love and reverence that prompted the Wise Men to lay their offerings at the feet of the Holy Baby. Let us give a little of our hearts with each present, and if we cannot give a tangible expression of our love, let us give a heart's wish instead.

In your hands lies great power for good or for evil. A woman influences thought and action. It is your duty, then, to discountenance the heartless offer and to smile your approval of the spirit of the day.

Then, indeed, Christmas will mean all that he would approve. The guiding star of love and good will that shone so clearly in the blue night long ago should never be lost in our minds, and the love to which it pointed should epitomize our efforts to honor this great day.

A SURPRISE BOX.

Something which would delight any little invalid is a "surprise box." This may be planned to last a week or any length of time one wishes and should contain a package for each day, with the date on which it is to be opened written plainly on each one. Dolls, toys, books and many other things dear to the childish heart may be put in these packages and the little one will surely rejoice to have his "Merry Christmas" last so many days.

BEREA PRINTING SCHOOL

DEPARTMENT OF BEREA COLLEGE

(The Citizen is a specimen of our work.)

Prints hand-bills, letter-heads, cards, reports, sermons, and books in the best manner, and at lowest prices.

Your patronage is asked to help self-supporting students, and to insure your getting your money's worth.

Call at the office, or send orders by mail. You will get satisfaction. Terms cash. Address

BEREA PRINTING SCHOOL, Berea, Ky.

HOUSES TO RENT

To those who have children to educate and wish to reside in Berea for a longer or shorter time to enjoy its educational advantages, the College has a number of houses, large and small, some of them partly furnished, to rent on reasonable terms. Address

THE COLLEGE TREASURER, Berea, Ky.

THE BEREA HOSPITAL

NURSE TRAINING SCHOOL OF BEREA COLLEGE

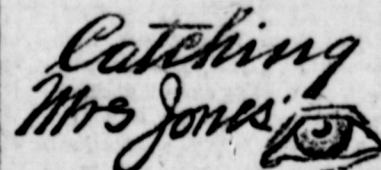
Has best operating room and all modern appliances for care of a limited number of patients. Hospital treatment greatly increases prospects of recovery.

Rates One Dollar a day and up.

Bond for prompt payment required.

For further particulars address

THE HOSPITAL, Berea, Ky.



If Mrs. Jones buys her coffee at Smith's each week—

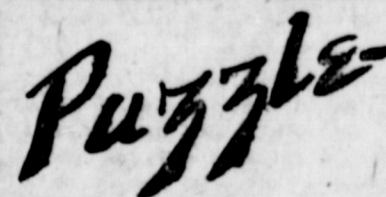
If the coffee in your store is better than Smith's and cheaper—

Why, TELL MRS. JONES!

Don't dash wildly across the street to tell her, though; she'd laugh at you. Insert a sane, forceful advertisement in this paper about your coffee.

We'll catch her eye by making your ad. attractive. Then all that is left for you to do is to take in the money for the coffee Mrs. Jones buys.

(Copyright, 1910, by W. N. U.)



Find the Man

Every man and woman is anxious to buy some article—necessity or luxury—every day of his or her life. Single handed it would take you months to seek out those interested in your line of business.

An advertisement in this paper does the work instantaneously.

It corrals the purchaser—brings him to your store—makes him buy things you advertised.

(Copyright, 1910, by W. N. U.)

Enlarging Your Business



If you are in business and you want to make more money you will read every word we have to say. Are you spending your money for advertising in haphazard fashion as if intended for charity, or do you advertise for direct results?

Did you ever stop to think how your advertising can be made a source of profit to you, and how its value can be measured in dollars and cents. If you have not, you are throwing money away.

Advertising is a modern business necessity, but must be conducted on business principles. If you are not satisfied with your advertising you should set aside a certain amount of money to be spent

annually, and then carefully note the effect it has in increasing your volume of business; whether a 10, 20 or 30 per cent increase. If you watch this gain from year to year you will become intensely interested in your advertising, and how you can make it enlarge your business.

If you try this method we believe you will not want to let a single issue of this paper go to press without something from your store.

We will be pleased to have you call on us, and we will take pleasure in explaining our annual contract for so many inches, and how it can be used in whatever amount that seems necessary to you.

If you can sell goods over the counter we can also show you why this paper will best serve your interests when you want to reach the people of this community.

The Right Kind of Reading Matter

The home news; the doings of the people in this town; the gossip of our own community, that's the first kind of reading matter you want. It is more important, more interesting to you than that given by the paper or magazine from the outside world. It is the first reading matter you should buy. Each issue of this paper gives to you just what you will consider

The Right Kind of Reading Matter

Christmas in Old Time.



Heap on more wood!—the wind is chill. But let it whistle as it will, We'll keep our Christmas merry still.

Each age has deem'd the newborn year The fittest time for feasting cheer; And well our Christian sires of old Loved when the year its course had roll'd And brought blithe Christmas back again, With all his hospitable train. Domestic and religious rite Gave honor to the holy night; On Christmas eve the bells were rung; That only night in all the year Saw the staid priest the chalice rear. The damsel don't her kirtle shew; The hall was dress'd with holly green; Forth to the wood did merry men go To gather in the mistletoe. Then open'd wide the baron's hall To vassal, tenant, serf and all; Power laid his rod of rule aside

And Ceremony doff'd his pride. The heir, with roses in his shoes, That night might village partner choose; The lord, undergirding, share The vulgar game of "post and pair." All hail'd, with uncontrol'd delight And general voice, the happy night. That to the cottages as the crown Brought tidings of salvation down. The fire, with well-dried logs supplied, Went roaring up the chimney wide; The huge hall table's oaken face, Scrubb'd till it shone, the day to grace, Bore then upon its massive board No mark to part the squire and lord. Then was brought in the lusty brawn By old blue-coated serving men; Then the grin boar's head grown'd on high.

Crested with bays and rosemary, Well can the green-garb'd ranger tell How, when and where the monster fell, What dogs before his death he tore And all the bating of the boar. The wassail round, in good brown bowls Garnish'd with ribbons, blithely trow'd. There the huge strioos reek'd; hard by Plum porridge stood and Christmas pie; Nor fall'd old Scotland to produce At such high tide her savory goose. Then came the merry maskers in, And carols roar'd with blithesome din; If unmelodious was the song, It was a hearty note and strong. Who lists may in their mummings see Traces of ancient mystery. White shirts supplied the masquerade And snuffed cheeks the visors made;— But, O! what maskers, richly dight, Can boast of bosoms half so light! England was merry England, when Old Christmas brought his sports again. 'Twas Christmas broun'd the mightiest ale; 'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale; A Christmas gambol oft could cheer The poor man's heart through half the year.

—Sir Walter Scott.

SERIAL
STORYThe Courtship
of Miles
StandishWith Illustrations
by
Howard Chandler Christy

Copyright, The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

The Spinning Wheel

Month after month passed away, and in autumn the ships of the merchants came with kindred and friends, with cattle and corn for the Pilgrims. All in the village was peace; the men were intent on their labors, busy with hewing and building, with garden-plot and with meadow, busy with breaking the glebe, and mowing the grass in the meadows. Searching the sea for its fish, and hunting the deer in the forest. All in the village was peace; but at times the rumor of warfare filled the air with alarm, and the apprehension of danger. Gravely the stalwart Miles Standish was scouring the land with his forces. Waxing valiant in fight and defeating the alien armies. Till his name had become a sound of fear to the nations. Anger was still in his heart, but at times the remorse and contrition which in all noble natures succeed the passionate outbreak, came like a rising tide, that encountered the rush of a river, staying its current a while, but making it bitter and brackish.

Meanwhile Alden at home had built him a new habitation, solid, substantial, of timber rough-hewn from the fire of the forest. Wooden-barned was the door, and the roof was covered with rushes. Latticed the windows were, and the window-panes were of paper. Oiled to admit the light, while wind and rain were excluded. There, too, he dug a well, and around it planted an orchard. Still may be seen to this day some trace of the well and the orchard. Close to the house was the stall, where, safe and secure from annoyance, Raghorn, the snow-white steer, that had fallen to Alden's allotment in the division of cattle, might ruminate in the night-time. Over the pastures he cropped, made fragrant by sweet pennyroyal.

Off when his labor was finished, with eager feet would the dreamer follow the pathway that ran through the woods to the house of Priscilla. Led by fusions romantic and subtle deceptions of fancy. Pleasure disguised as duty, and love in the semblance of friendship. Ever of her he thought, when he fashioned the walls of his dwelling; Ever of her he thought, when he delved in the soil of his garden; Ever of her he thought, when he read in his Bible on Sunday. Praise of the virtuous woman, as she is described in the Proverbs,—How the heart of her husband doth safely trust in her always. How all the days of her life she will do him good, and not evil. How she seeketh the wool and the

flax and worketh with gladness. How she layeth her hand to the spindle and holdeth the distaff. How she is not afraid of the snow for herself or her household. Knowing her household are clothed with the scarlet cloth of her weaving!

So, as she sat at her wheel one afternoon in the autumn, Alden, who opposite sat, and was watching her dexterous fingers. As if the thread she was spinning were that of his life and his fortune. After a pause in their talk, thus spake to the sound of the spindle. "Truly, Priscilla," he said, "when I see you spinning and spinning, Never idle a moment, but thrifty and thoughtful of others, Suddenly you are transformed, are visibly changed in a moment; You are no longer Priscilla, but Bertha, the Beautiful Spinner." Here the light foot on the treadle grew swifter and swifter; the spindle uttered an angry snarl, and the thread snapped short in her fingers; While the impetuous speaker, not heeding the mischief, continued: "You are the beautiful Bertha, the spinner, the queen of Helvetia; She whose story I read at a stall in the streets of Southampton, Who, as she rode on her palfrey, o'er

a pattern for housewives. Show yourself equally worthy of being the model of husbands. Hold this skein on your hands, while I wind it, ready for knitting: Then who knows but hereafter, when fashions have changed and the manners. Fathers may talk to their sons of the good old times of John Alden! Thus, with a jest and a laugh, the skein on his hands she adjusted. He sitting awkwardly there, with his arms extended before him, She standing graceful, erect, and winding the thread from his fingers. Sometimes chiding a little his clumsy manner of holding. Sometimes touching his hands, as she disentangled expertly. Twist or knot in the yarn, unawares—for how could she help it?—Sending electrical thrills through every nerve in his body.

Lo! In the midst of this scene, a breathless messenger entered. Bringing in hurry and heat the terrible news from the village. Yes; Miles Standish was dead!—An Indian had brought them the tidings. Slain by a poisoned arrow, shot down in the front of the battle. Into an ambush beguiled, cut off with the whole of his forces: All the town would be burned, and all the people be murdered!



Pressing Her Close to His Heart.

valley and meadow and mountain. Ever was spinning her thread from a distaff fixed to her saddle. She was so thrifty, and good, that her name passed into a proverb. So shall it be with your own, when the spinning-wheel shall no longer hum in the house of the farmer, and fill its chambers with music. Then shall the mothers, reproving, relate how it was in their childhood. Praising the good old times, and the days of Priscilla, the spinner! Straight uprose from her wheel the beautiful Puritan maiden. Pleased with the praise of her thrift from him whose praise was the sweetest. Drew from the reel on the table a snowy skein of her spinning. Thus making answer, meanwhile, to the flattering phrases of Alden: "Come, you must not be idle; if I am

Such were the tidings of evil that burst on the hearts of the hearers. Silent and statue-like stood Priscilla, her face looking backward. Still at the face of the speaker, her arms uplifted in horror. But John Alden, upstarting, as if the barb of the arrow piercing the heart of his friend had struck his own, and had sundered once and forever the bonds that held him bound as a captive. Wild with excess of sensation, the awful delight of his freedom, mingled with pain and regret, unconscious of what he was doing. Clapped, almost with a groan, the motionless form of Priscilla, pressing her close to his heart, as for ever his own, and exclaiming: "Those whom the Lord hath united, let no man put them asunder!"

Even as rivulets twain, from distant and separate sources. Seeing each other afar, as they leap from the rocks, and pursuing Each one its devious path, but drawing nearer and nearer. Rush together at last, at their trysting-place in the forest; So these lives that had run thus far in separate channels. Coming in sight of each other, then swerving and flowing asunder. Parted by barriers strong, but drawing nearer and nearer. Rushed together at last, and one was lost in the other.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

He Had One Essential.

Mr. Leo—"Why did you let your daughter marry that little bandy-legged sport?" Mr. Monk—"Why, he's the best climber in the jungle, and that's quite important when food is so high."

Luke 19:3.

Deacon—"I fear it's the Sunday paper we must blame for our small morning congregations, pastor." Pastor—"Yes, many of our people are like Zaccheus, prevented from getting near our Lord by the press."—Boston Transcript.

The Meekest Man.

Our notion of the meekest man is one who is afraid to attempt borrowing a part of his salary from his wife.—Athenian Globe.

What We Live For.

What do we live for if not to make the world less difficult for each other?—George Eliot.

LOUIS D. BRANDEIS.



He is attracting attention because of his testimony against the steel trust before the Interstate Commerce Commission.

\$100,000 LOSS BY FIRE.

Blaze Destroys Block and Five Retail Business Places At Mount Vernon.

Mt. Vernon, O., Dec. 16.—Fire here destroyed a business block and the stocks of five retail concerns, causing a total loss of \$100,000. The fire started from a small stove in the window of the Lewis Clothing Co., used to keep frost off the windows. The building, belonging to the Rogers estate, was wiped out, together with the Joel Levy shoe stock, Lewis clothing stock, McHale millinery stock, Kilkenny cigar and tobacco stock and the McCormick furniture stock. The loss on the building is estimated at \$60,000 and that on the various retail stocks at \$40,000.

Toilers Will Organize Store.

Akron, O., Dec. 16.—South Akron workmen have raised \$2,000 toward a co-operative store with which they will fight the middlemen and lower the cost of living. George P. Smith, Socialist candidate for Mayor at the last election, heads a committee that is boosting the plan.

MARKET QUOTATIONS

Cincinnati, December 15. Cattle—About steady on good to choice quality and weak to 10c lower on medium and common grades. Shippers \$5.75@7, extra \$7.25@7.50; butcher steers, extra \$6.25@6.50, good to choice \$5.25@5.50, common to fair \$4@4.50; heifers, extra \$5.50, good to choice \$4.65@4.90, common to fair \$3@4.50; cows, extra \$4.50@4.75, good to choice \$3.75@4.40, common to fair \$1.25@3.50, canners, \$1.25@2.75. Bulls—Steady. Bologna \$3.75@4.25, fat bulls \$4.25@4.75.

Milk Cows—Steady and slow. Calves—Good light steady to a shade higher; other grades slow and weak. Extra \$9@9.25, fair to good \$6.50@9, common and reg. \$3.50@7. Hogs—Generally steady at yesterday's prices. Heavy hogs \$6.10@6.35, good to choice packers and butchers \$6.30@6.35, mixed packers \$6.10@6.30, stags \$3@5, common to choice heavy fat sows \$4.50@5.75, extra \$5.80@5.85, light sows \$5.25@5.70, pigs (110 lbs and less) \$4@5.15.

Sheep—Steady. Extra \$3.50, good to choice \$3@3.40, common to fair \$1.25@2.75. Lambs—Steady. Extra \$6.10@6.25, good to choice \$5.50@6, common to fair \$3.25@5.25; stock ewes \$3@3.50, yearlings \$3.50@4.25.

Wheat—The market ruled firm on all grades. No. 2 red 97@98½c, No. 3 red 94@97c, No. 4 red 84@93c. Sales: 1 car No. 2 red (track) at 98c.

Corn—Both shell and ear corn displayed a firmer tone. No. 2 white 63@67c, No. 3 white 61@63c, No. 4 white 58@60c, No. 2 yellow 63@67c, No. 3 yellow 61@63c, No. 4 yellow 58@60c, No. 2 mixed 62@66c, No. 3 mixed 61@63c, No. 4 mixed 58@60c, white ear 62@65c. Sales: 1 car No. 4 mixed (track) at 58½c.

Oats—The market ruled firmer. No. 2 white 51@51½c, standard white 50½@51c, No. 3 white 50½c, No. 4 white 47@49c, No. 2 mixed 50½@51c, No. 3 mixed 50@50½c, No. 4 mixed 47@49c.

Hay—Market showed no changes. No. 1 timothy \$23@23.50, No. 2 timothy \$21.50@22, No. 3 timothy \$19.50@20.50, No. 1 clover mixed \$22@22.50, No. 2 clover mixed \$20.50@21, No. 1 clover \$21.50@22, No. 2 clover \$20@20.50. Sales: 15 tons No. 1 timothy (track) at \$23.50; 10 tons No. 2 timothy (track) at \$22.

Toledo, December 15, 1911.

Wheat—Cash, 95½c, December 95½c, May 99½c, July 95½c. Corn—Cash, 64c, December 63½c, May 64½c, July 65½c. Oats—Cash, 50c, December 49½c, May 51½c, July 47½c. Rye—No. 2 93c.

Luffalo, Dec. 15.—Spring wheat—No. 1 Northern, \$1.10; No. 2 Northern, \$1.06; winter, No. 2 red, 99c; No. 2 white, 98c.

Corn—No. 3 yellow, 65c; No. 4 yellow, 63c. Oats—No. 2 white, 52c; No. 3 white, 51½c; No. 4 white, 50½c, standard, 51½c.

Barley, \$1.18@1.25. Rye—No. 1, \$1; No. 2, 98c.

East Buffalo, Dec. 15.—Cattle—Market dull and steady; prime steers, \$7.50@8.50; butcher grades, \$3@7.25. Calves—Market active. Cull to choice, \$6@8.50.

Sheep and lambs—Market active. Choice lambs, \$6.50@6.70; cull to fair, \$5@6.25; yearlings, \$4.50@5; sheep, \$1.75@4.50.

Hogs—Market slow, lower. Yorkers, \$6.20@6.30; pigs, \$5.90; mixed, \$6.30@6.35; heavy, \$6.35@6.40; roughs, \$5.25@5.65; stags, \$5@5.25.

BEREA

Five Great Schools Under One Management

FOR THE ASPIRING YOUNG PEOPLE OF
THE MOUNTAINSWhat Are Your Talents?
What Are Your Aims?

Berea Has the Training That is Best For YOU.

Are you not far advanced? Then enter the FOUNDATION SCHOOL, Thos. A. Edwards, Superintendent. Here you will be placed with others like yourself, under a special teacher, and make most rapid progress. You will master Arithmetic and the common branches and be ready to use them. You will have singing, drawing, farm and household management, and free text-books. One year in the Foundation School costs less than \$90 and is worth \$1,000.

Are you aiming to be a teacher? Then join the NORMAL SCHOOL, John Wirt Dinamore, Dean. Here you will be so trained that you will fear no examination, and you will be taught how to teach. The demand for Berea trained teachers far exceeds the supply.

Are you interested in earning money?

THE VOCATIONAL SCHOOLS, Miles E. Marsh, Dean. Mountain Agriculture. Home Science. Woodwork and Carpentry. Nursing. Printing and Book-Binding. Business Course, Etc.

Here you soon double your earning power, and learn to enjoy doing things in a superior manner.

Are you desiring the next best thing to a College Course? Then take two years or three years in the

GENERAL ACADEMY COURSE, Francis E. Matheny, Dean. Two years, or three years, in such practical studies as will fit you for an honorable and useful life. You select your studies from such as these: Physiology—the science of health; Civics—the science of government; Grammar—the art of correct speech and letter-writing; Ethics—the science of right and wrong; History—necessary for politics, law and general intelligence; Botany—necessary for the doctor and interesting to every lady; Physics—the science of machinery; Drawing, Bookkeeping, etc., etc.

Do you wish to prepare to enter College? Start in the BEREACADEMY—PREPARATORY COURSES, Francis E. Matheny, Dean. Best training in Mathematics, Languages, Science and History. The Academy has its own classrooms and Men's Dormitory, and a large body of students of high character and ability, able instructors, and use of College Library and apparatus.

Berea College

The College itself stands apart from all the other schools under its management and has long maintained the highest standards known in the South. To conform to the Carnegie standards we have diminished our former requirements. Required and elective studies with opportunity to concentrate in particular lines. Largest college library in Kentucky. Laboratories equipped for student practice. Courses leading to the degrees of A. B., B. S., B. L., and B. Ed.

MUSIC (Singing Free). Reed Organ. Voice Culture. Piano. Theory. Band may be taken for special fees in connection with work in any of the above schools.

Questions Answered

Berea, Friend of Working Students. Berea College, with its affiliated schools, is not a money-making institution. It requires certain fees, but it expends many thousands of dollars each year for the benefit of its students, giving highest advantages at lowest cost, and arranging for students to earn and save in every way.

OUR SCHOOL IS LIKE A FAMILY, with careful regulations to protect the character and reputation of the young people. Our students come from the best families and are earnest to do well and improve. For any who may be sick the College provides doctor and nurse without extra charge.

All except those with parents in Berea live in College buildings, and assist in work of boarding hall, farm and shops, receiving valuable training, and getting pay according to the value of their labor. Except in winter it is expected that all will have a chance to earn a part of their expenses. Write to the Secretary before coming to secure employment.

PERSONAL EXPENSES for clothing, laundry, postage, books, etc., vary with different people. Berea favors plain clothing. Our climate is the best, but as students must attend classes regardless of the weather, warm wraps and underclothing, umbrellas and overshoes are necessary. The Co-operative Store furnishes books, toilet articles, work uniforms, umbrellas and other necessary articles at cost.

LIVING EXPENSES are really below cost. The College asks no rent for the fine buildings in which students live, charging only enough room rent to pay for cleaning, repairs, fuel, lights, and washing of bedding and towels. For table board, without coffee or extras, \$1.35 a week, in the fall, and \$1.50 in winter. For furnished room, with fuel, lights, washing of bedding, 40 to 60 cents for each person.

SCHOOL FEES are two. First a "Dollar Deposit," as guarantee for return of room key, library books, etc. This is paid but once, and is returned when the student departs.

Second an "Incidental Fee" to help on expenses for care of school buildings, hospital, library, etc. (Students pay nothing for tuition or services of teachers—all our instruction is a free gift). The Incidental Fee for most students is \$5.00 a term, \$6.00 in Academy and Normal, and \$7.00 in College courses.

PAYMENT MUST BE IN ADVANCE, incidental fee and room rent for the term, board by the half term. Installments are as follows:

	Vocational and Foundation School.	Academy and Normal.	College.
FALL TERM—			
Incidental Fee	\$ 5.00	\$ 6.00	\$ 7.00
Room	5.00	7.00	7.00
Board, 7 weeks	9.45	9.45	9.45
Amount due Sept. 13, 1911.....	\$20.00	\$32.45	\$33.45
Board 7 weeks, due Nov. 1, 1911.....	9.45	9.45	9.45
Total for term.....	\$29.50	\$31.90	\$33.90
If paid in advance.....	\$29.00	\$31.40	\$33.40
WINTER TERM—			
Incidental Fee	\$ 5.00	\$ 6.00	\$ 7.00
Room	4.00	7.20	7.00
ard, 6 weeks	9.00	9.00	9.00
Amount due Jan. 3, 1912.....	\$20.00	\$32.20	\$33.20
Board 6 weeks, due Feb. 14, 1912.....	9.00	9.00	9.00
Total for term.....	\$29.00	\$31.20	\$33.20
If paid in advance.....	\$28.50	\$30.70	\$32.70
SPRING TERM—			
Incidental Fee	\$ 5.00	\$ 6.00	\$ 7.00
Room	4.00	5.00	5.00
Board, 5 weeks	6.75	6.75	6.75
Amount due March 27, 1912.....	\$16.75	\$17.75	\$18.75
Board 5 weeks, due May 1, 1912.....	6.75	6.75	6.75
Total for term.....	\$23.50	\$24.50	\$25.50
If paid in advance.....	\$22.00	\$24.00	\$25.00

Plan Now, Come January 3d

Any able-bodied young man or young woman can get an education at Berea if there is the will to do so.

It is a great advantage to start in the Fall and have a full year of continuous study. Many young people waste time in the public schools going over and over the same things, when they might be improving much faster by coming to Berea and starting in on new studies with some of the best young men and women from other counties and States.

Make your plans to come January 3d.

For information or friendly advice write to the Secretary.

D. WALTER MORTON, BEREACOLLEGE, KY.



The Light Foot on the Treadle Grew Swifter.

East Kentucky Correspondence News You Get Nowhere Else

No correspondence published unless signed in full by the writer. The name is not for publication, but as an evidence of good faith. Write plainly.

Hurry Up And Engage Your Rooms

As told elsewhere in this paper, Berea College is making every effort to provide accommodations for the young people who ought to be in Berea the coming winter. Several stores and residences have been purchased and are being fitted up for college use; but it is absolutely necessary that the authorities should know beforehand who and how many are coming. Rooms are engaged as fast as letters come with the dollar deposit. If you have not written today to D. Walter Morton, Secy., Berea Ky.

JACKSON COUNTY

McKee, Dec. 18.—The daily mail to Livingston has been delayed since Thursday on account of high water. John Nantz of Welchburg came in town Sunday afternoon and stayed over for County Court today. Most of the Co. officials will renew their bonds today for next year. Mrs. Isaac Messier, who has been in New York and other points in the East for the past month in the interest of the Reformed Church Schools established in the County, returned last Friday. Miss Emma Jones of Mildred will visit with her sister, Mrs. C. P. Moore, till after Christmas. Leonard Medlock was in Mildred, Sunday. Roy Mullins, son of Judge J. W. Mullins, received a very painful injury last Saturday by jumping off a wagon. On last Friday evening The King's Daughters of McKee held their first birthday anniversary at the home of Mrs. D. G. Collier. The members invited their husbands, sweethearts, or best friends so there was a goodly number present despite the heavy down pour of rain. After an original poem read by Miss Hoekje, the president, a brief report of the past year's work was read by Miss Colker, the secretary. Then followed refreshments and games. The party broke up at about 12 o'clock. All were delighted and wished the King's Daughters might have another birthday soon. The Rev. Arthur P. Allen will preach at the Academy next Sunday.

PRIVETT

Privett, Dec. 16.—We have been having some rainy weather for the past week. J. D. Spurlock has moved his saw mill on the old Culton farm and is now ready for work. Wm. Dunigan and Isaac Bowles are practicing on their pieces for the last day of their schools, the 29 and 30th of this month. Old uncle Marcus Cook is very ill. He has a stroke of paralysis on one side. Charlie Cook has gone to Lexington to spend Christmas. Marion Smith and family will move in this vicinity in a few days. Died, on the 13th inst., the little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Spurlock, age nine years. She was ill for about fifteen days. Her remains were laid to rest in the Spurlock cemetery. The funeral service was conducted by Rev. Wm. Anderson. Charlie Robertson who got his foot shot is getting along finely.

GRAYNAWK

Grayhawk, Dec. 18.—This has been the wettest week in this year. Many of the boys have gone down the river on cross ties, and report the ties are going slowly. A. I. Privett has sold part of his land to Mr. Isaac Messier. J. B. Bingham and Joab Begley have swapped land and both parties have moved. R. P. Welch has sold his farm to Bob Turner for eight hundred dollars and is in the dry goods business. W. H. Tinch of Longman is visiting at Bingham and Louis Hamilton's this week. Silas Bingham of London is visiting home folks this week. D. Young is planning to have an entertainment and Christmas tree. We hope to have a nice time. Moonshine seems to be plentiful in this part at present.

HURLEY

Hurley, Dec. 17.—The Rev. Bowman failed to fill his regular appointment at this place Saturday and Sunday. The mail carrier from Livingston has failed to connect with the McKee mail carrier three days this week on account of high water. Ben Gabbard, who has been working in Illinois, is at home again. Rev. W. M. Johnson of Anville preached at this place Saturday and Sunday. Wiley Roberts is home from Wyatt, Missouri, accompanied by his cousin, W. M. Hillard, of that place. Robt. Baker and son, Cloyd, were in this part last week measuring logs for the Livingston Lumber Co. W. M. McCollum traded houses with J. R. Callahan of Double Lick and got \$250 to boot. David Gabbard is building a chimney to his dwelling house. Mr. Grover Gabbard bought a farm from

J. H. Gabbard for \$100 and will move soon. Wm. Bailey went to Clay Co. last week and traded a horse for a bunch of cattle. There is Sunday School at this place every Sunday at two o'clock. Miss Lucy Price is very sick with pneumonia. Dr. Goodman of Welchburg was called there, Saturday. George Griffith, from Rockcastle Co. has been visiting relatives here the past week. The infant of Hige Gabbard is improving nicely. Mrs. Ford is visiting relatives in Owsley Co. at present. John Burnam, R. E. Nichols and Dan Lucas were in this vicinity buying cattle last week. F. Cornelius is here running ties during the tide. Orbin Smith and Willie Roberts have gone to Livingston on a tie raft.

CARICO

Carico, Dec. 18.—We are having some very rainy weather the past week. Owing to the big tide in the river a great many ties were run to market. John Sumers sold his saw mill, bought a new one and will be ready to do good work at once. Uncle Frank Cole is in very poor health at present. Born to Mr. and Mrs. Dan Shelton, a fine boy. David Lear sold his farm to John Sumers and has bought Cap Wilson's farm. Clark Cornett is very poorly at this writing.

FOXTOWN

Foxtown, Dec. 16.—Mrs. Lourinda is very ill at present with pneumonia. Dr. Hornsby is in attendance. J. W. Miller of Rockcastle is visiting his friends at Foxtown for a few days this week. There has been a large tie and log tide in South Fork yesterday and today. Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Moore visited Mr. and Mrs. Willie Cox last Sunday. Alfred Isaacs is erecting a new dwelling house at Pond. J. I. Rose caught a fine coon in a trap one morning this week, weighed 10 pounds. Mrs. Laura Johnson and boys visited Mrs. J. C. Isaacs, Friday. Miss Rosie Isaacs visited her aunt, Mrs. J. F. Rose, last week and attended church at Chestnut Flat, Saturday and Sunday. Jerry Abner called on W. P. Isaacs again this week. We wish the Citizen and its readers a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

TYNER

Tyner, Dec. 17.—Owing to high water we have had no mail since Thursday. Messrs. L. C. and J. T. Moore have gone to Livingston on a drift of cross ties. Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Morris of Gray Hawk were visiting in the home of E. C. Moore from Friday until Sunday. Mr. and Mrs. M. F. Goodman are visiting in Fayette County. Mr. and Mrs. Amos Metcalf of Nathanton, Mrs. Mary Dougherty of Titus, Mr. Matt Pigg of Garrard County and Mr. and Mrs. T. P. Bullock were the guests of G. W. Moore and family Monday night. Mr. Jim Brewer was in this vicinity branding staves for Lee Congleton the past week. Roy and Clay Moore who have been working on Quicksand for the past three months have returned home. R. B. Reynolds fell from the roof of his granery, Monday, fracturing his ankle which has given him much trouble. J. S. Moore is in the fur business again this season. W. R. Reynolds killed a hawk last week that measured 45 inches from tip to tip. Mrs. Claud Rader has been very sick with muscular rheumatism but is improving. J. H. Moore had J. M. Morgan arrested on two charges, one for assault and battery, the other for moving lumber off his property. Both cases are set for Tuesday before Judge Mullins. Next Saturday and Sunday are regular meeting times at old Flat Lick. Chester Jones will close his school on Friday after Christmas with a nice exhibition. There is more corn in this vicinity than there has been for several years, although it is selling at a dollar per bushel.

PERRY COUNTY

Perry County is having quite an inundation of disorder. The County contains as many good people as ever, but the coming in of the railroad and the overflow of whiskey in several localities swelled the court docket at the last session to nearly six hundred cases. This is a great contrast to Owsley County, where the cases of the corresponding session numbered less than forty. We take comfort, however, in the fact that the officers are not letting wrong doing go unpunished. By taking hold of things in time we shall restore good order and good repute in old Perry.

CLAY COUNTY

BIG CREEK

Big Creek, Dec. 12.—Marriages: Mr. Tilden Bowling to Miss Oriana Spurlock; Mr. Asher Bowling to Miss Mary Bowling; Mr. Beverly Baker to Miss Addie Bowling. Born to Mr. C. B. Hoskins and wife, a big girl.

Born to James Ledford and wife, a fine large girl. Miss Jane Roberts, daughter of John Roberts, died, Dec. 7. She is survived by many friends and relatives. Mr. Oscar Bowling, son of Wm. Bowling and Cloyd Vance, son of Mr. A. Vance both have pneumonia fever. Mrs. Sallie Marcum, Sr., has been bleeding at the lungs some for a few days. There was church at this place Sunday night by Rev. A. J. Merrill. Five joined the church. Two deputy sheriffs shot and killed Will Helton last Wednesday. The sheriffs' names are James Proffitt and Isaac Miller. The shooting was done in Owsley Co. across the Clay line. G. A. Mitchell made a business trip to Laurel Creek last Saturday. G. L. Langbert last Saturday. G. L. Langbert of Bear Creek was in our town buying furs one day last week. Abe Collins moved to Elk Creek the other day. There was a box supper at Bethany Academy Dec. 15th. There will be a Christmas tree here Saturday, Dec. 23. School is progressing nicely here. Nearly all the schools will close about Dec. 25th.

ROCKCASTLE COUNTY

WILDE

Orlando, Dec. 16.—We are having lots of rain and a big tide in Roundstone. Mrs. Nannie Isaacs of Norton, Va., was visiting relatives near Morris Valley, recently. Misses Victoria and Ida Mullins of Mullins Station attended church at Maple Grove, Sunday. Robert Childress of Mt. Vernon was among friends here Saturday. Ben Ballard of Goochland took dinner with D. M. Singleton, Wednesday. Mr. Daniel, who is selling the Spring line of ladies' hats was calling on the merchants here this week. A protracted meeting is being held at Maple Grove this week, conducted by Rev. Parker, Mobley and Ponder. Grandpa Smith is very ill with pneumonia. Jerry Laefield is very ill at this writing. Tip Tiler of Jellico, Tenn. and Ab Cohal of Cincinnati are here to spend Christmas with the boys. Chas. Rader who started for Oklahoma Tuesday arrived there all right and writes that he likes that country fine.

DISPUTANTA

Disputanta, Dec. 15.—The rainy weather continues and the roads are

Callahan a few days ago. Grant York lost a good cow the other day. It fell in a ditch. Bud Clark passed through our place Sunday. Doctor Jones of Goochland is said to be in bad health again. Granison Clark has moved from his old home on Clear Creek to Dr. R. H. Lewis' farm on Scaffold Cane. Grant York sold his pony to Mr. Allen of Crooked Creek for fifty dollars, the other day.

OWSLEY COUNTY

ISLAND CITY

Island City, Dec. 14.—G. W. Seale of Major, got his house, coal house, smoke house and all inside furniture burned to the ground, Sunday. Loss estimated at two thousand dollars. H. W. Briggs left a few days ago for Indiana. W. A. Hoskins is seriously ill. Lucian Gentry who has been so poorly has recovered and is planning to start to Berea in a few days. It is reported that Wm. Mays, U. S. Marshal, will be the leading candidate for Sheriff of Owsley County. Sheridan and Fred Peters, who have been at Franklin, O., for three years returned home a few days ago. G. J. Gentry returned from London today where he has been attending Commissioners Court against Beve Hoskins for operating a moonshine distillery. D. A. Campbell has purchased a new saw and grist mill and will locate near Walnut Grove. William Helton was shot and instantly killed a few days ago near Buffalo, Owsley Co., by officers from Clay County. John Chadwell, Eva Chadwell and Otis Mays are planning to start to Berea in a few days to attend school this winter. Born to the wife of Mack Moore, a bouncing boy. The mother and baby are doing nicely.

ESTILL COUNTY

WAGERSVILLE

Wagersville, Dec. 18.—There was quite a little rise in Station Camp Creek last week. Mr. and Mrs. P. Congleton are rejoicing over the arrival of a fine boy, the 16th. Mr. Robert Wagers was among friends in Irvine, Saturday and Sunday. James Warford came home last week from Bloomington, Ill. Mr. and Mrs. Ambrose Wagers were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Scrivner, Sunday. Mr. and Mrs. Jim Sparks visited Mr. and Mrs. Wade Fowler, Sunday.

The Village Blacksmith

LONGFELLOW

Under a spreading chestnut tree
The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.
His hair is crisp, and black, and long;
His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns what he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.
Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low.
And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys;
He hears the parson pray and preach,
He hears his daughter's voice,
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.
It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
Singing in Paradise!
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies,
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.
Toiling, —rejoicing,—sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begun,
Each evening sees it close;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught!
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought!

Miss Edith Fowler and father spent a few days last week with the former's sister, Mrs. Everette Alexander. Mr. Harry Edwards spent Sunday with his sister, Mrs. Frank Congleton. Charley Wilson visited his parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. Q. Wilson, Sunday. With best wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to all.

MADISON COUNTY

KINGSTON

Kingston, Dec. 18.—Miss Verna Parks left last Saturday to be the guest of her uncle, Mr. Louis Parks, of Cincinnati for the next three weeks. Miss Lydia Young and father made a business trip to Berea, Wednesday. John Webb and Dan Maupin attended the inauguration at Frankfort, Tuesday. Chas. Powell visited relatives in Jackson County last week. The Misses Ethel and Mabel Flanery were shopping in Richmond, Saturday. There will be a Christmas tree and entertainment at this place, Saturday night, Dec. 23rd. Mr. and Mrs. Robert Bowman of Conway spent Wednesday and Thursday with Mr. and Mrs. Will Cornelson. Mrs. Maud Settle, of Lexington was the guest of her parents from Thursday till Monday.

Self Beat at Easter and Christmas. A Brooklynite who has been visiting in England stopped at a picture shop in a small town and glancing with idle admiration at an engraving of Prosperine rising out of Hades remarked to the proprietor that it was quite pretty. "Yes, madam," he replied, "so it is, but I always find these religious subjects sell best at Easter and Christmas."—Brooklyn Eagle.

POLITICAL IDEALS

(Continued from page 5)

say, "prove all things, hold fast that which is good." Last night I made here some attempt at elocution. If I were your elocution teacher today I would ask, How would you read that, "Prove all things, hold fast that which is good?" Is that the way you would read it? Let me try it again. "Prove ALL things, hold fast that which is good." Is that the right way? Let me try it again. My friends, as long as we are in the world, girls and boys, men and women, as long as we are in this world we are in a storm. "In the tempest of life," says the old poem the boys used to get up on the platform and recite when I was a boy, "In the tempest of life, midst the wave and the gale." That is where we are, and that is where you will be when you are grayer than I am. We are in a storm. The way for you to read that is PROVE all things, HOLD FAST, with an emphasis as if you were the captain of a ship, "HOLD FAST that which is good." If you do not do that in Berea you will lose your hold. In standing for human rights here you are standing for your whole state, and in a degree you are standing for the whole South, and in a degree you are standing for the whole United States. "Prove all things." Do not accept even the Berea idea until you have tried it in the light of God's book. But do not come to his book and read anything in it by any light but the light of the spirit of the whole book. That sort of bible reading is what produced the Berea idea. Men have got all sorts of wicked schemes out of that book by coming to it in their own spirit, or the spirit of Satan, instead of the spirit of the book itself, from cover to cover. But if you never find your faith anchored in this book, and if you never propose to be a follower of Jesus Christ, this much you can do anyhow as an American citizen; you can ask yourself when you are testing any question and especially when you are testing the Berea idea: "Is this what Abraham Lincoln would have done in the case?"

Citizens of the World

Well, one word more. I have called you citizens of the United States. Is it not a superb thing, to be a citizen of a state like Kentucky, with all her splendid traditions and not have to be a citizen of the state of Kentucky only, but to be, in a measure, a citizen of forty-seven other states? Is it not a superb thing, is not that one of the things which makes it magnificent to be an American citizen? When I first stood before a Berea audience that was all there was of it. At least that was all there was of it in sight. Now it is otherwise. What is there besides? I want to ask you a question. You are citizens of the United States, and one Berea idea which will enable you to hold onto all Berean ideas that we are citizens of something else besides Kentucky and besides the United States. What is it? The United States, something proportionately and as far beyond the United States as the United States is beyond Kentucky, in every direction. United what? Give it to me, the man or woman or the girl that can, give it to me. The united —? Oh! you have got it in your heart. I am going to wait for it. You are a citizen of the united —? (From the audience, "Kingdom of God.") That is very good but that is not practical politics. That is too high up for us for a while yet. We can get to that, but I am speaking, I am confiding myself and I want you to confide your consideration just now entirely, to human institutions.

We are citizens, we are citizens of the united —? (From gallery, "world.") That is the right word. We are citizens of the United World, and The Hague is the capital.

Let Your Light Shine

When you leave Berea you go out into your various communities, far and wide, Georgia, North Carolina, Kentucky, Tennessee, and so on. You go from Berea and are dropped like a grain of salt into a jar of water. What are you going to do then and there? What are you going to do with the Berea idea? Are you going to tuck it away and hide it? Are you never going to advance it as a theory worth discussing? Are you going to say to yourself that you are a citizen of Kentucky, Georgia, Tennessee or whatever it may be, and that you are going merely to conform for conformity's sake with the principles and convictions of the majority. Oh! that is not the Berea standard. The Berea idea is to stand by your government and obey it like good citizens, but to stand by God's government too and to work for the betterment of every law on the statute books, and of every relation in life. You will go home and you will find in all our Southern lands that the majority are tending one way which is not the Berea way. Will you follow, or will you lead? Is the old maxim is, will you follow a bad fashion or will you lead a good one? Will you be a citizen of Georgia, Alabama, Tennessee, Kentucky only? Or will you be a citizen of the United States even and NOT a citizen of the whole world? The Berea idea is that let popular conviction round about you be what it may, it is for you to be a citizen of the whole world.

Stand up for the Right.

You must study the whole world's progress. And if the United World's progress demands, as assuredly it does, that as far and as fast as the general good of human society will permit it every individual on the face of God's earth shall be treated according to his individual worth then let that be your peaceful but persistent declaration and abiding principle. That may not be the practice of the majority of the people of the South or of the people of Kentucky, but it is the voice of the united world in its hymn of progress, and that is the word that I leave with you. Store it in your hearts, but do not keep it as a secret; tell it, maintain it, work for it; brave dangers for it; brave ridicule for it; brave contumely for it; and stand by it in the name of God's kingdom.



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BEREA BANK & TRUST CO.

Report of the Condition of THE BEREA BANK & TRUST CO., Bank doing business at the town of Berea, county of Madison, the State of Kentucky, at the close of business on the 5th day of Dec., 1911.

RESOURCES.		
Loans and Discounts.....		\$113,318.07
Due from Banks		6,234.20
Actual Cash on hand		4,131.09
Checks, cash items and exchange for clearing...		305.74
Overdrafts		4,226.96
Current Expenses and taxes paid.....		8,458.21
Real Estate.....	13,329.40	
Furniture and Fixtures.....	3,829.12	17,158.52
Total		\$153,832.79
LIABILITIES		
Capital Stock paid in, in Cash.....		\$25,000.00
Surplus.....	\$ 6,000.00	
Undivided Profits.....	9,332.77	15,332.77
Deposits on which interest is paid.....	42,305.16	
Deposits on which interest is not paid.....	55,138.26	
Total Deposits.....		97,443.42
Cashier's Checks outstanding		56.60
Due to Banks.....		1,000.00
Notes and Bills rediscounted.....		15,000.00
Total		\$153,832.79

STATE OF KENTUCKY,)
County of Madison,)
I, John F. Dean, Cashier of the above named Bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.
JOHN F. DEAN, Cashier.
Subscribed and sworn to before me by John F. Dean this 18th day of Dec., 1911. My Commission expires January 29, 1912.
G. D. HOLLIDAY, Notary Public.
Correct—Attest:
A. ISAACS, J. W. STEPHENS, R. H. CHRISMAN, Directors.